

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1783, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reading so many households in this and other cities, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Macqueens—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Randall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 607, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Alexander MacLellan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

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LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kitle G. Carley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REYNOLD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—William Champion, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain, William H. Langley; Everett L. Gordon, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 103—James Graham, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

## Local Matters.

### A Last Word.

Before another issue of the MERCURY comes out the election will have been held and the question of rulers settled for another year. The people of Newport have important interests at stake in this election. Upon their action will depend, in a large measure, the choice of the next United States Senator. If this city is lukewarm in the matter, and should by any means allow the Democratic General Assembly ticket to be elected Senator, Wetmore's chances for re-election would be greatly lessened. For if Newport does not think enough of him to stand by him it is hardly to be expected that the rest of the State will rally enthusiastically to his support. If, on the other hand, this city shows to the rest of the State their regard for the Senator by electing the Republican delegation there is no shadow of doubt about his success in January. It stands the people in hand, therefore, to come out and cast their ballots for Senator Wetmore by voting the Republican General Assembly ticket.

The election of Congressmen in this district is of the utmost importance, as by that action the people of Rhode Island will show whether or not they are in sympathy with President Roosevelt, and desire to uphold his hands in the great work he is doing. By all means vote for Eliza Dyer.

Governor Uter and his associates have served the State faithfully and honestly. The administration has been clean in every respect, and the people of Rhode Island owe it to themselves as well as to the candidates to re-elect them. The issues this year are important. Come out and vote for the cause of good government and continued prosperity.

Hon. Amasa M. Eaton of the Metropolitan Park Commission will deliver a lecture in the Builders and Merchants' Hall on Monday evening, November 5th, at 7.30 o'clock. He will speak on the proposed Park System and the lecture will be illustrated with stereopticon views. The lecture is free to all.

A telephone pole on the northerly side of Touro street fell without warning Monday afternoon, crashing into Dr. W. A. Sherman's house and narrowly missing passersby. The telephone company was notified and a new pole was erected.

The work of laying the new gas main in Thames street has now progressed as far as Mary street and there is yet a considerable distance to go.

### Final Rallies.

The Republicans and Democrats both held rallies in this city on Friday night. The Republicans held theirs in the Realty Hall on Washington square and the speakers were Congressman William S. Greene of Fall River, Hon. Guy A. Ham, Assistant United States District Attorney, of Boston, W. Tyler Page, of Maryland, Col. H. Anthony Dyer of Providence, and Representative Clark Burdick of this city. Hon. Robert S. Franklin presided.

The closing event of the campaign will be the third annual dinner by the Young Men's Republican Club on Monday evening next, the night before the election. This will take place at Realty Hall at 7.30 and will be served by J. T. Allen & Co. President Robert S. Burlingame will preside and the after dinner speakers will include Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, United States Senator; Hon. Walter R. Stines, Senator from Warwick; Mr. Richard W. Jennings, executive secretary; and Mr. Edward S. Rawson, a prominent attorney of New York and Newport. It is expected that there will be over three hundred persons at the dinner. The Harry K. Howard orchestra will furnish music and the Enterpe Quartet will sing.

### Whist and Dance.

The Misses Gertrude and Helen Sullivan, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Sullivan, entertained about 60 of their friends in Realty Hall Monday evening. The young ladies were assisted in receiving by their mother, Mrs. Sullivan. The early part of the evening was devoted to whist. The first prizes were won by Mr. John F. Sullivan and Miss May Austin, and Mr. Charles Schoeneman and Miss Elizabeth Vaughan captured the consolation. Other prizes were won by Messrs. Charles McManus, John Walsh and John F. Sullivan. After the whist dancing followed, Miss Gertrude Sullivan and Mr. Thomas Freeman leading the grand march. Cunningham's orchestra furnished the music. At midnight a buffet supper was served, after which the merry party took their departure, having spent a delightful evening, and were loud in their praise of the charming manner in which they had been entertained by the young hostesses.

The hall was handsomely decorated, red being the prevailing color.

Wednesday night was observed as Halloween and there were many private entertainments arranged for the occasion. The small boys were very busy upon the streets and this year their pranks went beyond the stage of the merely playful and verged strongly upon the criminal. Gates were unhung and carried away and in several instances were broken to pieces. On Bay View avenue a section of fence was torn down and thrown across the street where it imperilled the safety of any horse that might be driven through there in the dark. There were other serious offenses against property which call for serious correction of the offenders.

Mr. William G. Friend of this city was injured in the motorcycle races at Hills Grove, near Providence, last Sunday. He was thrown from his wheel in the fifth race and rendered unconscious. Outside of bruises and marks about the face, he escaped serious injury, which seemed almost a miracle at the rate of speed that the cycles were going. In the first race, two mile novice, Friend was second on a 21 horse power Indian. He was third in the two mile special for Rhode Island riders, in which event C. F. Murphy of this city was fifth. Carl J. Swenson of this city acted as clerk of the course.

The final canvass of the voting lists has been held and there will be no more corrections before election day. Tuesday was the last day allowed personal property tax payers to get themselves clear on the books in order to vote, and consequently it was a busy day at the collector's office. Wednesday the board of aldermen held their final canvass and struck off the names of all those whose personal property taxes were unpaid.

The control of the Bristol & Warren Water Works Company has been secured by Col. Samuel P. Colt of Bristol after prolonged negotiations. This is an important purchase, as this plant furnishes the water supply for several of the towns in Bristol County. The works were started by the late George H. Norman of this city and the controlling interest has been held by his heirs and their associates.

It is rumored that Fort Rodman at New Bedford may be closed for the present as the company of coast artillery on duty there has been ordered to Fort Adams. This will increase the enlisted strength at Newport very materially. The troops at Fort Adams have an enviable record for efficiency in all branches of their work.

### A Sunday Fire.

The handsome cottage on Oakwood terrace and Red Cross avenue, the property of George Gordon King and occupied by Louis L. Lorillard, was quite badly damaged by fire last Sunday noon, and the firemen had a brisk fire before the flames were extinguished. The family were residing in the house and the servants were on hand to assist in rescuing property and fighting the fire. Mrs. Lorillard is just recovering from an attack of nervous prostration but she remained about the premises and assisted in directing the work of the servants before the arrival of the fire department.

When the fire was discovered word was telephoned to headquarters and a still alarm was sent in, but when the chemical engine and hose arrived it was found that the fire was more than they could handle, so an alarm was sounded from Box 27. The fire was found to be entirely in the attic and as the house was covered with a slate roof this served to keep the upper part of the house full of smoke, making hard work for the firemen. Ladder Company No. 2 was summoned to help in the fight, and holes were chopped in the roof and windows broken in to make smoke vents. Then the men were able to reach the fire and after a stubborn fight it was subdued but not until much damage had been done by fire and water. The department was careful to use no more water than was necessary, substituting chemical streams for those from the hydrants as soon as the fire was under control, but the flames had gathered so much headway before an adequate force was on the scene that the use of water was very necessary.

The cause of the fire has not been absolutely fixed but it is supposed to have started around the chimney. The servants' rooms were quite badly damaged and several of them lost a large part of their possessions. It is estimated that the loss will be in the neighborhood of \$2000.

Miss Florence Carley was tendered a pleasant surprise at the gymnasium room of the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday evening, being presented with a French travelling clock by the members of the senior class previous to her departure for Boston, where she has accepted a position as assistant to Miss Lucia Gale Barber in her studio of music and dramatic art. The clock is enclosed in a leather case, inscribed with Miss Carley's initials, "F. G. C." and the clock bears the inscription "From the Newport Y. M. C. A. Seniors to Miss Florence G. Carley, Oct. 21, 1906." Mr. T. Jefferson Biesel made the presentation speech and Miss Carley responded most feelingly. Miss Carley has been pianist at the gymnasium classes for some time and her departure is deeply regretted. Mrs. Sadie Gash Gardner has been selected in Miss Carley's place.

Captain Edgar H. Willis of Block Island was in town last Sunday and showed evidence of the beating that he had received a few evenings earlier. His face and head were badly bruised and it looked as if he had received very rough treatment. Jeremiah Allen was brought to Newport by Deputy Sheriff King on a warrant charging him with assaulting Edgar Willis and W. Talbot Dodge and was released on one hundred dollar bail in each case, Col. Harold A. Peckham being accepted as surety.

There is now a full complement of marines at the Naval Training Station, the force that was ordered to Cuba having returned to the Station Monday morning by the New York boat. The detail from this station earned the highest commendation of the general officers for their discipline and general good work. Since their return it is possible to have the marine guard perform their full duty.

Joseph Pinto was arraigned in the District Court on Tuesday on a warrant charging him with cruelty to animals. He is the man who, as motorman of a Newport & Fall River car, ran into a watering cart beyond the Mile Corner recently and badly injured the horses. When arraigned he pleaded not guilty and his case was continued until November 9.

It is expected that there will be some exciting times on Block Island on election day. Last year before election Governor Uter went to the island and made a personal appeal to both sides to keep the peace.

Mr. Raymond Langley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland S. Langley, was the holder of the lucky number which drew the gentleman's gold watch given away at the Opera House last Saturday evening.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. French E. Chadwick arrived home from Europe the past week and are at their cottage, "Twin Oaks," on Oakwood Terrace.

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Luther returned the past week from their wedding trip.

### A Jamestown Fire.

There was quite a fire in Jamestown Monday afternoon which was the cause of the ringing of the Newport fire alarm and a long run for the local department. The fire was in a stable on the estate of F. B. Rice of Boston, and the result was the destruction of the building. The fire broke out soon after five o'clock and was discovered by a neighbor, who rang in the Jamestown fire alarm. In the meantime soldiers from Fort Wetherill saw the fire and by breaking into the adjoining residence were able to ascend to the roof and keep the flames from attacking the house. When the fire department reached the scene there was a scarcity of water and nothing could be done to save the stable, but the efforts were directed to preventing the communication to the house. By keeping the roof wet the house was saved.

The cause of the fire was unknown. Workmen had been at work on the property during the day but they claim to be sure that there was no fire on the premises when they left.

During the progress of the fire there was considerable excitement in Newport. Residents of the Halidon Hill district saw the fire in the distance and to them it appeared that the Hoffman villa near Castle hill was in flames. A message was telephoned in and Box 513 was sounded. This made a loud run for the apparatus all for nothing.

When the Jamestown fire was in progress it could be plainly seen from Newport and many persons went down the wharves to get a better view. It was thought to be a strange coincidence that there should be fires in Newport and Jamestown at the same time, until it was learned that the Newport alarm was sounded for the Jamestown one.

### Recent Deaths.

Mrs. John S. Euge.

Mrs. Mary L. Euge, wife of Dr. John S. Euge, Jr., died at her home in Oakland, California, last week. Her death was entirely unexpected by her many friends in this city and the announcement came as a great shock to them. She paid a visit to Newport last summer, partly for the sake of regaining her health which had been somewhat injured by the excitement accompanying the terrible scenes during and after the earthquake. Mrs. Euge's home was thrown open to refugees at that time and she used every effort to allay their sufferings, but the strain apparently proved too much for her.

Mrs. Euge was Miss Mary L. McElroy of Newport and was married here seventeen years ago. A year later Dr. and Mrs. Euge removed to Oakland where they have since made their home. She is survived by her husband, one daughter and two sons.

### Park Commission.

The Park Commission held its regular monthly meeting Tuesday afternoon. Chairman Shepley and Messrs. Bull and Eldredge were present. Mr. Amasa M. Eaton of Providence, who was expected to be present and talk on the proposed metropolitan park, was unable to be here, but Chairman Shepley expects to have him come at an early date.

Miss Ellen F. Mason was present at the meeting in the interest of Newport parks.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Eddy, formerly of this city, but now of North Dartmouth, Mass., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Jennie Patterson Eddy, to Dr. T. P. Ernest Greene, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Greene, of this city, the wedding to take place at an early date.

Two of our public school teachers are on the sick list. Miss Caroline L. Worthen, teacher in physical culture, is ill with scarlet fever and Miss Grace M. Conlhan, teacher at the high school, is confined to her home with pneumonia.

Mr. Arthur B. Mumford and Mr. John H. Althaus, both former Newporters, were visitors here the past week. Mr. Mumford is making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Borden, in Fall River.

Mrs. Philip Laforge suffered a paralytic stroke at her home on Touro Park West on Saturday of last week and on Sunday was removed to the Newport Hospital, where she is doing as well as can be expected.

The letters from a "grateful father" to a United States Senator would make interesting reading about these times if they could appear in the columns of some newspaper.

A number of Newporters were in Block Island the past week attending the funeral of the late Captain Lemuel E. Dodge, which took place on Wednesday.

Professor Agawiz closed his Newport season the past week and left for his winter home at Cambridge, Mass.

### Great Naval Depot.

In 1778-4 British engineers made a careful survey of Narragansett Bay with a view to the establishment here of an extensive Naval Station, with dry docks, ship yards, marine hospital, and a system of fortifications.

In a report to the Board of Admiralty, under whose instructions the work was undertaken, it is stated that

"The whole bay is an excellent man-of-war harbor, affording good anchorage, sheltered in every direction, and spacious enough for the whole of His Majesty's Navy, were it increased fourfold. There are no dangerous ledges or shoals within the bay or near its entrance, which is easy with all winds. Another advantage it possesses over any other harbor on the northern coast in the winter season is that it is very seldom obstructed by ice, and the tide is not sufficiently strong to render drift ice dangerous to ships lying at anchor. The harbor has not been frozen so as to prevent ships coming in to safe anchorage since 1740, and the oldest inhabitants do not recollect to have heard that it was ever so frozen up before since the settlement of the colony. It has other advantages which cannot be found elsewhere in America. A whole fleet may go out under way, and sail from three to five leagues on a tack; get the drim of the ships, and exercise the men within the bay, secure from attack by an enemy. The vicinity of the ocean is such that in one hour a fleet may be from their anchorage to sea, or from the sea to safe anchorage in one of the best natural harbors the world affords. Its central situation also, in His Majesty's North American colonies and its proximity to the West Indies, are advantages worthy of consideration, as it regards the protection of every part of His Majesty's widely extended possessions in this quarter."

The report goes on to say: "Whether it is feasible of defense is a question which your lordship very justly considers of the highest importance and to which my particular attention is directed. \* \* \* Of the expense I say nothing \* \* suffice it to say that it is completely feasible and that the importance of the position as a Naval Station is worth the expense, be what it may."

Written one hundred and thirty-three years ago, the advantages pointed out in this report, which Narragansett Bay affords as a Naval Station, exist to-day; while the defensive works suggested in the report have been thoroughly carried out by our own military engineers. Thus the dry dock, recommended by the British officers, will like the defensive works be constructed in all probability at no distant day in the best harbor on the Atlantic coast and beyond the reach of an enemy's guns. The breaking out of the Revolutionary War put a stop to all further proceedings in this direction on the part of the English Admiralty.

Our own officers were not slow to recognize the importance of these waters both from a naval as well as a military point of view. Agreeably to the terms of a Senate resolution of February 13, 1817, a mixed commission of naval officers and officers of the U. S. Engineer corps examined and reported upon a proper site for a naval depot, rendezvous and dock yard, east of Delaware Bay. The Commissioners were General Swift and Colonel McRee of the Corps of U. S. Engineers, and Commodore Bainbridge and Captains Samuel Evans and Oliver H. Perry of the Navy.

As between Boston and Newport Commodore Bainbridge preferred the former, as it was "favorably situated for obtaining timber for shipbuilding"—all the others favoring Narragansett Bay. The majority report, dated Navy Yard, New York, October 30th, 1817, goes on to say:

"The Commissioners (except one, Commodore Bainbridge) are of the opinion that Narragansett Bay presents the best site for a naval depot in the Union north of Chesapeake Bay."

After dwelling on the advantages offered, the report continues:

"An examination of this bay has satisfied the Commissioners (with one exception) that the best site for a great naval depot east of Chesapeake Bay is to be found in this bay (Narragansett) and the various positions upon the waters of it."

Again: "The Commissioners have in their survey and examination only determined where it will be best to locate a great naval depot and where sites for defense should be selected."

The report concludes with considerations of defensive works just as the English report did. The defensive works are to-day nearing completion. The time has now come for the establishment in Narragansett Bay of the "great naval depot" recommended by the gallant Perry and his colleagues.

The people of the State of New York are feeling better. They are getting over the scare caused by the nomination of Heurt and now feel certain that he and his followers will be badly whipped on Tuesday next.

Mr. Hiram Burlingham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Burlingham, has returned from an extended trip abroad.

The tax books of the town of Middletown have been printed and are now ready for delivery to the tax payers.

Colonel and Mrs. Addison Thomas will spend the winter in Washington.

### Middletown.

Anthony Chase.

An extremely pretty wedding occurred on Wednesday at 2.30 p. m., at St. Mary's Church, Portsmouth, when Miss Augusta Chase, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Chase of Portsmouth was united in marriage to Mr. Benjamin Earl Anthony, only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Sheffield Anthony. In spite of the unfavorable weather the church was filled to overflowing. The bride was attended by four bridesmaids who entered by the vestry and came down the aisle to meet her at the entrance of the church. They were Miss Orlean Anthony, youngest sister of the groom; Miss Edna Flame and Miss Marian Tuck of Newport, classmates of Miss Chase at the Rogers High School, and Miss Myrtle Sherman of Middletown. The bridesmaids wore princess gowns of costume chiffon with trimmings of Venise lace and they wore white French felt picture hats with white ostrich plumes and streamers of white mousseline caught at the left shoulder in a rosette. They carried loose clusters of tea roses with tassels of white satin ribbon. Miss Julia Anthony, elder sister of the groom, was maid of honor, wearing white satin trimmed with Irish in-er-tions. She wore a white picture hat with white plumes and pink roses, and carried pink roses with pink satin ribbons.

The bride was daintily attired in a charming imported gown of white silk chiffon cloth, corset princess style, en traine, trimmed with duchess lace and with shiny insertions and first epoch medallions, and wore a tulle veil caught with orange blossoms. Her bridal bouquet was of bride's roses and lilies of the valley in shower effect.

Mr. Anthony also wore lilies of the valley. He was attended by Mr. Alton Coggeshall as best man, and the ushers were Nicholas Carr, cousin of the groom; Harold Chase, Frank Chase, cousin of the bride, and Almer Slocum. The ushers wore boutonnieres of white carnations and maiden hair ferns. A musical program was rendered at the organ by Mr. Wm. H. Boone of Newport.

The church decorations were green and white, asparagus ferns and white dahlias being used in profusion. The letter "A" was outlined in small dahlias in the window ways on the right of the church and "C" at the left. The floral decorations at the house were also very pleasing, the reception room in white cosmos and dahlias, the parlor in crimson dahlias, and the dining room in thuted hydrangeas.

An unusually large number of beautiful presents were shown, including much silver and cut glass, drawn work, china, pictures and gifts of money, among which was a hundred dollars in gold. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony left in their automobile for a week's trip and will remain for the present on their return at the home of the bride's parents until the completion of their new home near Bradford Station. The guests numbered between three and four hundred. Light refreshments and wedding cake were served.

The bride's travelling gown was of hunter's green broadcloth with hat to match.

Very careful and complete arrangements had been planned for the accommodation of the many guests, a special car coming to and from the church from Newport and drags conveying them to the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Chase, at "Wap-pa-naug," where the reception was held.

Mr. Lester Albro of New York was guest for a few days this week of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Albro. Mrs. Charles M. Stone of Newport, who has also been visiting Mrs. Albro the past week, returned Thursday.

The Epworth League gave a chowder supper and Hallow E'en Social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Peckham on Green End avenue, Wednesday evening, the proceeds going towards the new church fund. Owing to the unfavorable weather there was not an over-large attendance and the affair was successfully repeated on the next evening.

Mrs. E. A. Brown entertained the Paradise Reading Club on Wednesday. Mrs. Kesteven S. Peckham presented the current events and the club members presented different articles upon the subject of "Times."

St. Columba's Guild met with Mrs. Eugene Skutevart on Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl M. Stone of Newport are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on the 27th ult. Mrs. Stone is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ashton C. Baker of Middletown.

### Reduced Rates to New York via Fall River Line.

The Fall River Line announces a reduction in fare from Newport to New York, the rate now being \$2.00 instead of \$3.00, with a corresponding reduction to all other points South and West. The magnificent steamers Priscilla and Puritan are in commission.

Thursday was All Saints' Day and was appropriately observed in the Episcopal and Catholic churches with services in the morning.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt's private car was run off the trolley at the local yard on Thursday and a wrecking car had to straighten it up.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Langley are entertaining Miss Jennie M. Bailey at their home on Mary street.

Miss Bessie C. Gilpin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilpin, has returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Seabury, Jr., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hall at Plainfield, N. J.

Mr. Stuyvesant LeRoy of this city is in Switzerland for the benefit of his health.

# The Holladay Case

A Mystery  
Of Two  
Continents  
By  
BURTON E. STEVENSON  
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## CHAPTER XI.

T IRED nature asserted herself and took the full twelve hours, but I felt like another man when I left the house next morning, and I was eager to grapple anew with the mystery. I found two reports awaiting me at the office. Mr. Royce had passed a good night and was better; the clerks who had spent the afternoon before in visiting the stables had as yet discovered nothing, and were continuing their search.

I looked up a time card of the Long Island railroad and found that Miss Holladay's coachman could not reach the city until 9:30; so I put on my hat again, sought a secluded table at Wallack's, and over a cigar and stein of bock drew up a resume of the case—to clear the atmosphere, as it were. It ran something like this:

March 13, Thursday.—Holladay found murdered; daughter drives to Washington square.

March 14, Friday.—Coroner's inquest; Miss Holladay released; mysterious note received.

March 15, Saturday.—Holladay buried.

March 18, Tuesday.—Will opened and probated.

March 21, Friday.—Miss Holladay returns from drive, bringing new maid with her and discharges old one.

March 22, Saturday.—Gives orders to open summer house.

April 1, Tuesday.—Asks for \$100,000.

April 2, Wednesday.—Gets it.

April 3, Thursday.—Leaves home, ostensibly for Paris, in company with new maid.

April 11, Monday.—Butler reports her disappearance; Royce taken ill; I begin my search.

There I stopped. The last entry brought me up to date. There was nothing more to add. But it seemed impossible that all the developments of this mystery should have taken only a month. For years, as it seemed to me, I had thought of nothing else.

I looked over the schedule again carefully. There was only one opening that I could see where it was possible to begin work with the hope of accomplishing anything. That was in the very first entry. Miss Holladay had driven to Washington square; she had, I felt certain, visited her sister; I must discover the lodging of this woman. Perhaps I should also discover Frances Holladay there. In any event, I should have a new point to work from.

The police had been over the ground, I knew. They had exhausted every resource in the effort to locate Mr. Holladay's mysterious visitor and had found not a trace of her. But that fact did not discourage me, for I hoped to start my search with information which the police had not possessed. Brooks, the coachman, should be able to tell me.

Recalled suddenly to remembrance of him, I looked at my watch and saw that it was past his hour. I was pleased to find him awaiting me when I opened the office door three minutes later. I had only a few questions to ask him.

"When your mistress left the carriage the day you drove her to Washington square did you notice which street she took after she left the square?"

"Yes, sir; she went on down West Broadway."

"On which side?"

"On the left hand side, sir; the east side."

"She must have crossed the street to get to that side."

"Yes, sir; she did. I noticed particularly, for I thought it funny she shouldn't let me drive her on down the street to wherever she was going. It's a dirty place along there, sir."

"Yes, I know. When you drove her out on the 28th—the day she brought back the maid—where did she go?"

"To Washington square again, sir."

"And left you waiting for her?"

"Yes, sir; just th' same."

"And went down the same street?"

"Yes, sir; crossed to the east side just th' same as th' time before."

"How long was she gone?"

"Over an hour, sir; an hour an' a half, I should say."

"Did you notice anything unusual in her appearance when she came back?"

"No, sir; she was wearin' a heavy veil. She had th' other woman with her, an' she just said 'I come' in a kind of hoarse voice as I helped them into th' carriage."

That was all that he could tell me, and yet I felt that it would help me greatly. In the first place, it narrowed my investigations to the district lying to the east of West Broadway, and I knew that the French quarter extended only a block or two in that direction. And, again, it gave me a point to insist on in my inquiries—I knew the date upon which the mysterious woman had left her lodging, or, at least, I knew that it must be one of two dates. The lodging had been vacated, then, either on the 28th of March or the 3d of April. As a last resource I had the photograph. I was ready to begin my search and dismissed Brooks, warning him to say nothing to any one about the mystery.

As I passed out the door to the pavement I happened to glance across the way, and there, in the crowd of brokers who always line the street, I perceived Martigny. He was listening intently to one of the brokers, who was talking earnestly in his ear, telling him how to make his fortune, I suppose—and did not see me. For an instant I was tempted to cross to him and get him out of danger. Then I smiled at the absurdity of the thought. It would take a clever man to fleece Martigny, and I recalled his strong face, his masterful air. He was no fool, no lamb ready to look out for himself—to wield the shears with power and effect, if need be.

I turned west toward Broadway, still, I suppose, thinking of him subconsciously for a few moments later

some irresistible impulse caused me to glance around, and there he was walking after me on the opposite side of the street! Then in a flash I understood. He was following me!

It is difficult to describe the shock that ran through me, that left me numb and helpless. For an instant I stumbled on, half dazed; then gradually my self control came back and with it a certain fierce joy, a hot exultation. Here at last was something definite, tangible, a clew ready to my hand, if only I were clever enough to follow it up; a ray of light in the darkness. I could feel my cheeks burning and my heart leaping at the thought.

But what had been his part in the affair? For a moment I groped blindly in the dark, but only for a moment. Whatever his share in the tragedy, he had plainly been left behind to watch us; to make sure that we did not follow the fugitives; to warn them in case of danger. I understood now his solicitude for Miss Holladay—"in her I take such an interest!" It was important that he should know the moment we discovered her absence. And he had known; he knew that I was even at this moment commencing the search for her. My cheeks reddened at the thought of my indiscretions; yet he was a man to command confidence. Who would have suspected him? And an old proverb which he had repeated one evening flashed through my mind.

"Silly is the sheep who to the wolf herself confesses," I had translated it, with that painful literalness characteristic of the beginner. Well, I had been the sheep and silly enough, heaven knows!

I had reached Broadway, and at the corner I paused to look at a display of men's furnishings in a window. Far down the street on the other side, almost lost in the hurrying crowd, Martigny was buying a paper of a newsboy. He shook it out and looked quickly up and down its columns, like a man who is searching for some special item of news. Perhaps he was a speculator; perhaps, after all, I was deceiving myself in imagining that he was following me. I had no proof of it; it was the most natural thing in the world that he should be in this part of the town. I must test the theory before accepting it. It was time I grew wary of theories.

I entered the store and spent ten minutes looking at some neckties. When I came out again Martigny was just getting down from a bootblack's chair across the street. His back was toward me, and I watched him get out his little purse and drop a dime into the bootblack's hand. I went on up Broadway, loitering sometimes, sometimes walking straight ahead; always, away behind me, lost in the crowd, was my pursuer. It could no longer be doubted. He was really following me, though he did it so adroitly, with such consummate cunning, that I should never have seen him, never have suspected him, but for that fortunate intuition at the start.

A hundred plans flashed through my brain. I had this advantage—he could not know that I suspected him. If I could only overmaster him in cunning, wrest his secret from him—and then, as I remembered the strong face, the piercing eyes, the perfect self control, I realized how little possible it was that I could accomplish this. He was my superior in diplomacy and deceit; he would not pause now at any means to assure the success of his plot.

Yes, I could doubt no longer that there was a plot, whose depths I had not before even suspected, and I drew back from the thought with a little shiver. What was the plot? What intricate, dreadful crime was this which he was planning? The murder of the father, then, had been only the first step. The abduction of Frances Holladay was the second. What would the third be? How could we prevent his taking it? Suppose we should be unsuccessful? And, caudally, what chance of success could we have, fighting in the dark against this accomplished scoundrel? He had the threads all in his fingers; he controlled the situation; we were struggling blindly, snarled in a net of mystery from which there seemed no escaping. My imagination clothed him with superhuman attributes. For a moment a wild desire possessed me to turn upon him, to confront him, to accuse him, to confound him with the very certainty of my knowledge, to surprise his secret, to trample him down!

But the frenzy passed. No, he must not discover that I suspected him. I must not yield up that advantage. I might yet surprise him, mislead him, set a trap for him, get him to say more than he wished to say. That battle of wits would come later on—this very night perhaps—but for the moment I could do nothing better than carry out my first plan, yet he must not suspect the direction of my search. I must throw him off the track. Why, this was for all the world just like the penny dreadfuls of my boyhood. And I smiled at the thought that I had become an actor in a drama fitted for a red and yellow cover!

My plan was soon made. I crossed Broadway and turned into Cortlandt street, sauntering along it until the elevated loomed ahead; I heard the roar of an approaching train and stopped to purchase some fruit at the corner stand. My pursuer was some distance behind, closely inspecting the bric-a-brac in a peddler's cart. The train rumbled into the station, and, starting as though I had just perceived it, I bounded up the stairs, slammed my ticket into the chopper and dashed across the platform. The guard at the

rear of the train held the gate open for me for an instant and then clanged it shut. We were off with a jerk. As I looked back I saw Martigny rush out upon the platform. He stood staring after me for an instant; then, with a sudden grasping at his breast, staggered and seemed to fall. A crowd closed about him, the train whisked around a corner, and I could see no more.

But at any rate I was well free of him, and I got off at Bleecker street, walked on to the square and began my search. My plan was very simple. Beginning on the east side of West Broadway, it was my intention to stop at every house and inquire whether lodgers were kept. My experience at the first place was a pretty fair sample of all the rest.

A frowzy headed woman answered my knock.

"You have rooms to let?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, monsieur," she answered, with an expansive grin. "Step zis way."

We mounted a dirty stair, and she threw open a door with a flourish meant to be impressive.

"Zese are ze rooms, monsieur; zey are ver' fine."

I looked around them with stimulated interest, smothering my disgust as well as I could.

"How long have they been vacant?" I asked.

"Since only two days, monsieur. As you see, zey are ver' fine rooms."

That settled it. If they had been vacant only two days, I had no further interest in them, and with some excuse I made my way out, glad to escape from that fetid atmosphere of garlic and onions. So I went from house to house, stumbling over dirty children, climbing grimy stairs, catching glimpses of crowded sweatshops, peering into all sorts of holes called rooms by courtesy, inhaling a hundred stenches in as many minutes, gaining an insight that sickened me into the squalid life of the quarter. Sometimes I began to hope that at last I was on the right track, but further inquiry would prove my mistake. So the morning passed, and the afternoon. I had covered two blocks to no purpose, and I turned eastward to Broadway and took a car downtown to the office. My assistants had reported again—they had met with no better success than I. Mr. Graham noticed my dejected appearance and spoke a word of comfort.

"I think you're on the right track, Lester," he said. "But you can't hope to do much by yourself—it's too big a job. Wouldn't it be better to employ half a dozen private detectives and put them under your supervision? You could save yourself this nerve trying work and at the same time get over the ground much more rapidly. Besides, experienced men may be able to suggest something that you've overlooked."

I had thought of that—I had wondered if I were making the best possible use of my opportunities—and the suggestion tempted me. But something rose within me—pride, ambition, stubbornness, what you will—and I shook my head, determined to hang on. Besides, I had still before me that battle of wits with Martigny, and I was resolved to make the most of it.

"Let me keep on by myself a day or two longer, sir," I said. "I believe I'll succeed yet. If I don't there will still be time to call in outside help. I fancy I've made a beginning, and I want to see what comes of it."

He shook me kindly by the hand. "I like your grit," he said approvingly, "and I've every confidence in you. It wasn't lack of confidence that prompted the suggestion. Only don't overdo the thing and break down as Royce has. He's better, by the way, but the doctor says that he must take a long vacation—a thorough rest."

"I'm glad he's better. I'll be careful," I assented, and left the office.

While I waited for a car I bought a copy of the last edition of my paper, from force of habit more than anything, then, settling myself in a seat—still from force of habit—I turned to the financial column and looked it over. There was nothing of special interest there and I turned back to the general news, glancing carelessly from item to item. Suddenly one caught my eye which brought me up with a shock. The item read:

Shortly after 10 o'clock this morning a man ran up the steps of the Cortlandt street station of the Sixth avenue elevated in the effort to catch an uptown train just pulling out and dropped over on the platform with heart disease. An ambulance was called from the Hudson street hospital and the man taken there. At noon it was said he would recover. He was still too weak to talk, but among other things a card of the Cafe Jourdain, 54 West Houston street, was found in his pocketbook. An inquiry there developed the fact that his name is Pierre Bethune, that he is recently from France and has no relatives in this country.

In a moment I was out of the car and running westward to the elevated. I felt that I held in my hand the address I needed.

## CHAPTER XII.

FIFTY-FOUR West Houston street, just three blocks south of Washington square, was a narrow four story and basement building of gray brick with battered brown stone trimmings, at one time perhaps a fashionable residence, but with its last vestige of glory long since departed. In the basement was a squalid cobbler's shop, and the restaurant occupied the first floor. Dirty lace curtains hung at the windows, screening the interior from the street, but when I mounted the step to the door and entered I found the place typical of its class. I sat down at one of the little square tables and ordered a bottle of wine. It was M. Jourdain himself who brought it—a little fat man, with trousers very tight and a waistcoat very dazzling. The night trade had not yet begun in earnest, so he was for the moment at leisure, and he consented to drink a glass of wine with me. I had ordered the "superieur."

"You have lodgings to let, I suppose, on the floors above?" I questioned.

He squinted at me through his glass, trying with French shrewdness to read me before answering.

"Why, yes, we have lodgings. Still, a man of monsieur's habit would scarcely wish—"

"The habit does not always gauge the purse," I interposed.

"That is true," he stilled, wiping his nose. "Monsieur then wishes a lodging?"

"I should like to look at yours."

"You understand, monsieur," he explained, "that this is a good quarter, and our rooms are not at all the ordinary rooms. Oh, no; they are quite superior to that. They are in great demand. We have only one vacant at this moment. In fact, I am not certain that it is yet at liberty. I will call my wife."

She was summoned from behind the counter, where she presided at the money drawer, and presented to me as Mme. Jourdain. I filled a glass for her.

"Monsieur, here, is seeking a lodging," he began. "Is the one on the second floor back at our disposal yet, Celine?"

His wife pondered the question a moment, looking at me with sharp little eyes.

"I do not know," she said at last.

"We shall have to ask M. Bethune. He said he might again have need of it. He has paid for it until the 15th."

My heart leaped at the name. I saw that I must take the bull by the horns—assume a bold front—for if they waited to consult my pursuer I should never gain the information I was seeking.

"It was through M. Bethune that I secured your address," I said boldly.

"He was taken ill this morning. His heart, you know," and I tapped my chest.

They nodded, looking at me, nevertheless, with eyes narrow with suspicion.

"Yes, monsieur, we know," said Jourdain. "The authorities at the hospital at once notified us."

"It is not the first attack," I asserted, with a tenuity born of necessity. "He has had others, but none so serious as this."

They nodded sympathetically. Plainly they had been considerably impressed by their lodger.

"So," I continued brazenly, "he knows at last that his condition is very bad, and he wishes to remain at the hospital for some days until he has quite recovered. In the meantime I am to have the second floor back, which was occupied by the ladies."

I spoke the last word with seeming nonchalance, without the quiver of a lash, though I was inwardly a-quake, for I was risking everything upon it. Then in an instant I breathed more freely. I saw that I had hit the mark and that their suspicious were gradually growing less.

"They, of course, are not coming back," I added, "at least not for a long time. So he has no further use for the room. This is the fourteenth. I can take possession tomorrow."

They exchanged a glance, and Mme. Jourdain arose.

"Very well, monsieur," she said. "Will you have the kindness to come and look at the room?"

I followed her up the stair, giddy at my good fortune. She opened a door and lighted a gas jet against the wall.

"I am sure you will like the apartment, monsieur," she said. "You see, it is a very large one and most comfortable."

It was indeed of good size and well furnished. The bed was in a kind of alcove, and beyond it was a bath—unlooked for luxury! One thing, however, struck me as peculiar. The windows were closed by heavy shutters, which were barred upon the inside, and the bars were secured in place by padlocks.

"I shall want to open the windows," I remarked. "Do you always keep them barred?"

She hesitated a moment, looking a little embarrassed.

"You see, monsieur, it is this way," she explained at last. "M. Bethune

himself had the locks put on, for he feared that his poor sister would throw herself down into the courtyard, which is paved with stone and where she would certainly have been killed. She was very bad some days, poor dear. I was most glad when they took her away, for the thought of her made me nervous. I will in the morning open the windows and air the room well for you."

"That will do nicely," I assented as carelessly as I could. I knew that I had chanced upon a new development, though I could not in the least guess its bearing. "What do you ask for the apartment?"

"Ten dollars the week, monsieur," she answered, eying me narrowly.

I knew it was not worth so much and, remembering my character, repressed my first inclination to close the bargain.

"That is a good deal," I said hesitatingly. "Haven't you a cheaper room, Mme. Jourdain?"

"This is the only one we have now vacant, monsieur," she assured me.

I turned back toward the door with a little sigh.

"I fear I can't take it," I said.

"Monsieur does not understand," she protested. "That price, of course, includes breakfast."

"Do you always keep them barred?"

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"Ten dollars the week, monsieur," she answered, eying me narrowly.

She hesitated, eying me again.

"For \$1 additional it shall include dinner."

"Done, madame!" I cried. "I pay you for a week in advance." And I suited the action to the word. "Only," I added, "be sure to air the room well tomorrow. It seems very close. Still, Bethune was right to make sure that his sister could not harm herself."

"Yes," she nodded, placing the money carefully in an old purse, with the true miserly light in her eyes. "Yes; she broke down most sudden. It was the departure of her mother, you know, monsieur."

I nodded thoughtfully.

"When they first came, six weeks ago, she was quite well. Then her mother a position of some sort secured and went away. She never left her room after that, just sat there and cried or rattled at the doors and windows. Her brother was heartbroken about her. No one else would be permitted to attend her. But I hope that she is well now, poor child, for she is again with her mother."

"Her mother came after her?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; ten days ago, and together they drove away. By this time they are again in the good France."

I pretended to be inspecting a wardrobe, for I felt sure my face would betray me. At a dash I saw the whole story. There was nothing more Mme. Jourdain could tell me.

"Yes," I repeated, steadying my voice, "the good France."

"M. Bethune has himself been absent for a week," she added, "on affairs of business. He was not certain that he would return, but he paid us to the 15th."

I nodded. "Yes—tomorrow—I will take possession then."

"Very well, monsieur," she assented. "I will have it in readiness."

For an instant I hesitated. "Should I use the photograph? Was it necessary? How explain my possession of it? Did I not already know all that Mme. Jourdain could tell me? I turned to the stair.

"Then I must be going," I said. "I have some business affairs to arrange," and we went down together.

The place was filling with a motley crowd of diners, but I paused only to exchange a nod with M. Jourdain and then hurried away. The fugitives had taken the French line, of course, and I hastened on to the foot of Morton street, where the French blue pier is. A ship was being loaded for the voyage out, and the pier was still open. A clerk directed me to the sailing schedule, and a glance at it confirmed my guess. At 10 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, April 3, La Savole had sailed for Havre.

"May I see La Savole's passenger list?" I asked.

"Certainly, sir," and he produced it. I did not, of course, expect to find Miss Holladay entered upon it; yet I felt that a study of it might be repaid, and I was not mistaken. A Mrs. G. R. Folson and two daughters had occupied the cabin de luxe, 436, 438, 440. On the company's list which had been given me I saw bracketed after the name of the youngest daughter the single word "Invalid."

"La Lorraine sails day after tomorrow, I believe?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And is she full?"

"No, sir; it is a little early in the season yet." And he got down the list of staterooms, showing me which were vacant. I selected an outside double one and deposited half the fare in order to reserve it.

There was nothing more to be done that night, for a glance at my watch showed me the lateness of the hour. As I emerged from the pier I suddenly found myself very weary and very hungry, so I called a cab and was driven direct to my rooms. A bath and dinner set me up again, and finally I settled down with my pipe to arrange the events of the day.

Certainly I had progressed. I had undoubtedly got on the track of the fugitives; I had found out all that I could reasonably have hoped to find out. And yet my exultation was short lived. Admitted that I was on their track, how much nearer success had I got? I knew that they had sailed for France, but for what part of France? They would disembark at Havre. How was I, reaching Havre two weeks later, to discover which direction they had taken? Suppose they had gone to Paris, as seemed most probable, how could I ever hope to find them there? Even if I did find them, would I be in time to checkmate Martigny?

For a time I paused, appalled at the magnitude of the task that lay before me—in all France to find three people! But, after all, it might not be so great. Most probably these women were from one of the towns Holladay and his wife had visited during their stay in France. Which towns they were I, of course, had no means of knowing, yet I felt certain that some means of discovering them would present itself. That must be my work for the morrow.

A half hour passed, and I sat lost in speculation, watching the blue smoke curling upward, striving vainly to penetrate the mystery. For I was as far as ever from a solution of it. Who were these people? What was their aim? How had they managed to win Miss Holladay over to their side, to persuade her to accompany them, to flee from her friends—above all, from our junior partner? How had they caused her change of attitude toward him? Or had they really abducted her? Was there really danger of foul play; danger that she would fall a victim as well as her father? Who was Martigny? And, above all, what was the plot? What did he hope to gain? What was he striving for? What was this great stake for which he risked so much?

To these questions I could find no reasonable answer. I was still groping aimlessly in the dark, and at last in sheer confusion I put down my pipe turned out the light and went to bed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GRAHAM'S congratulations next morning quite overwhelmed me.

"I never expected such compliments and good wishes, Mr. Lester,"

—CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE—

## WRIGHT & HAY,

REGISTERED PHARMACISTS.

FRESH BRUSH'S KUMYSS,

GRAVES'

Pure Grain Alcohol,

HUDNUT'S

Toilet Requisites.



## AMPUTATION RECOMMENDED

**But a Better, Safer Method Found.**

For twenty years I was an awful sufferer from Varicose veins and ulcers on my leg. For twelve winters I sat in a chair, my leg pained me so I could not lie down.

The doctors began to say I would never see it again.

Others advised amputating my leg to prevent gangrene from setting in.

One day I read Dr. David Kennedy's favorite remedy. I bought a bottle and commenced taking it.

And I surely believe if I had not taken favorite remedy I would not be alive today. My leg healed up entirely and I am now well and strong.

**JOSEPH H. MULOCK,**  
877 Church St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A prominent physician of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in explaining the demand for this King of Kidney, Liver, Bladder and Blood Medicines, said: "Dr. David Kennedy's favorite remedy acts as a nerve and blood food. It has made many permanent cures of nervous debility, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and of the sicknesses peculiar to women, where other treatments have failed. For headaches, constipation and that run down condition, there is nothing else half so good as this great kidney and liver medicine."

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Rose Jelly radical cures Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in Head. 50c.

## Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 10 percent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

**J. K. McLENNAN,**

184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

## NEWPORT Transfer Express Co

TRUCKERS  
—AND—  
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## The First Teacups.

Even after tea was introduced into Europe and had come into general use teacups were scarce. At the same time coffee was introduced, but apart from Constantinople the first coffee cups in Europe date only as far as 1645 in Venice, 1650 in Paris, 1652 in London and 1654 in Leipzig. From the first, however, the conventional oriental coffee cup, without stem or handle, was little used, and in Germany not at all. The Chinese teacup was used for tea, coffee and chocolate as well. Specimens of porcelain were undoubtedly introduced into Europe in the middle ages, yet not till the sixteenth century were cups imported from China in any great quantities, and even then it was as articles of vertu. Most of these found their way back to China again, as collecting porcelain is a lasting fad there, and high prices are paid for good specimens. The collection of Chinese porcelain, if only the genuine specimens are desired, requires immense study and knowledge, as the Chinese are skillful imitators and put numerous falsifications on the market.

## Eating Fat.

Darwin relates that the Gancheos of the American pampas live for months on the fat meat of the oxen they watch over. The Eskimos can get along very well by eating from five pounds to six pounds a day of reindeer or seal's flesh so long as it is not too lean, but contains a due proportion of fat. Says the author of "Diet and Dietetics": "Some men obliged to live a very fatiguing life, the trappers and hunters of the pampas of America and Siberian steppes, the inhabitants of very cold climates, the fishermen living on the banks of the frozen sea, can eat almost exclusively without suffering from it enormous quantities of meat or fish, but on two conditions—that the meat be accompanied by its fat and that the individual subjected to this diet lead a very active life in the open air."

## No Birch Rods Now.

"The road to knowledge nowadays," said the first old schoolmaster, "is so swift and too easy. It's a regular stroll."

"Yes," agreed the other old pedagogue, "and it's a railroad with fewer wheels than are necessary."—Pbilosophical Ledger.

## Will He Make It?

A bull has forty rods to travel to reach a tramp, and the tramp has thirty rods to travel to reach the bull. If the bull travels one-fourth faster than the tramp, how close will the latter come to getting the grand prize?—Ottawa Free Press.

The man who is never quite sure, thinks perhaps, "imagines," "guesses" or "presumes." Is no man to trust. His foundations are built on sand.—Lectures.

Bladder, that worst of poisons, ever is an easy entrance to ignoble life.—Jovenal.

THE HOLLADAY CASE.  
CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

he said warmly. "You've done splendid work."

I pointed out to him that, after all, my success was purely the result of accident. Had I been really clever I should have instantly suspected what that sudden seizure on the station platform meant. I should have hurried back to the scene and followed Martigny—as I still called him in my thoughts—to the hospital on the chance of securing his first address. Instead of which, if chance had not befriended me, I should have been as far as ever from a solution of the mystery. I trembled to think upon what a slender thread my victory had hung.

But my chief would not listen. He declared that a man must be judged by his achievements and that he judged me by mine.

"Let us find out how our friend is," I said at last, so the hospital was called upon. We were informed that the patient was stronger, but would not be able to leave his bed for two or three days.

"The Jourdain may tell him of my call," I said. "They'll suspect something when I don't return today, yet they may wait for me a day or two longer—they have my money—and one day is all I want. It's just possible that they may keep silent altogether. They have nothing to gain by speaking—it's plain that they're not in the conspiracy. Anyway, tomorrow I'll be out of reach."

Mr. Graham nodded. "Yes—that's plainly the next step. You must follow them to France—but where in France will you look for them? I didn't think of that before. Why, the search is just beginning! I thought it impossible to accomplish what you have accomplished, but that seems easy now beside this new problem."

"Yes," I assented. "Still it may not be so hard as it looks. We must try to find out where the women have gone, and I believe Rogers can help us. My theory is that they're from one of the towns which the Holladays visited when they were abroad, and Mr. Holladay must have kept in touch with his office, more or less, during that time."

My chief sprang up and seized his hat.

"The very thing!" he cried. "There's no luck about that bit of reasoning, Mr. Lester. Come, I'll go with you."

"Only," I added as we went down together, "I very much fear that the search will lead to Paris, for Martigny is undoubtedly a Parisian."

"And to find a person in Paris!"

I did not answer. I only shut my teeth together and told myself for the hundredth time that I must not fail.

Rogers had been carrying on the routine work of the business since his employer's death and was supervising the settlement of accounts and the thousand and one details which must be attended to before the business could be closed up. We found him in the private office and stated our errand without delay.

"Yes," he said, "Mr. Holladay kept in touch with the office, of course. Let me see—What was the date?"

"Let us look for the first six months of 1876," I suggested.

He got down the file covering that period and ran through the letters.

"Yes, here they are," he said after a moment. "In January, he writes from Nice, where they seem to have remained during February and March. About the middle of April they started north—here's a letter dated Paris, April 19—and from Paris they went to a place called Etretat. They remained there through May, June and July. That is all the time covered by this file. Shall I get another?"

"No," I answered, "but I wish you'd make an abstract of Mr. Holladay's whereabouts during the whole time he was abroad and send it to our office not later than this afternoon."

"Very well, sir," he said, and we left the room.

"But why didn't you let him go farther?" asked Mr. Graham as we left the building.

"Because I think I've found the place, sir," I answered. "Did you notice—the time they stayed at Etretat covers the period of Miss Holladay's birth, with which, I'm convinced, these people were in some way concerned. We must look up Etretat."

A map at the office showed us that it was a little fishing hamlet and seaside resort on the shore of the English channel not far north of Havre.

"My theory is," I said, "that when the time of her confinement approached Mr. Holladay brought his wife to Paris to secure the services of an experienced physician perhaps, or perhaps a nurse or linen, or all of them. That done, they proceeded to Etretat, which they may have visited before and knew for a quiet place with a bracing atmosphere and good climate—just such a place as they would naturally desire. Here the daughter was born, and here, I am convinced, we shall find the key to the mystery, though I'm very far from guessing what that key is. But I have a premonition—yes, may smile if you wish—that I'll find the clue I'm seeking at Etretat. The name has somehow struck an answering chord in me."

The words, as I recall them now, seem more than a little foolish and self-assured; yet, in light of the result—well, at any rate, my chief showed no disposition to smile, but sat for some moments in deep thought.

"I don't doubt that you're right, Mr. Lester," he said at last. "At any rate I'm ready to trust your experience, since I have absolutely none in this kind of work. I didn't need to say that I have every confidence in you. I'll have a letter of credit prepared at once, so that you may not want for money. Shall we say five thousand to start with?"

I stammered that I was certain that would be more than enough, but he silenced me with a gesture.

"You'll find foreign travel more expensive than you think," he said. "It may be, too, that you'll find that money will help you materially with your investigations. I want you to have all

you may need—don't spare it. When you need more don't hesitate to draw on me."

I thanked him and was about to take my leave, for I had some packing to do and some private business to arrange, when a message came from Dr. Jenkinson. Mr. Graham smiled as he read it.

"Royce is better," he said; "much better. He's asking for you, and Jenkinson seems to think you'd better go to him, especially if you can bring good news."

"Just the thing!" I cried. "I must go to bid him goodbye, in any event." And half an hour later I was admitted to our junior's room. He was lying back in a big chair and seemed pale and weak, but he flushed up when he saw me and held out his hand eagerly.

"I couldn't wait any longer, Lester," he began. "It seems an age since I've seen you. I'd have sent for you before this, but I knew that you were working."

"Yes," I smiled. "I was working."

"Sit down and tell me about it," he commanded. "All about it—every detail."

The door opened as he spoke, and Dr. Jenkinson came in.

"Doctor," I queried, "how far is it safe to indulge this sick man? He wants me to tell him a story."

"Is it a good story?" asked the doctor.

"Why, yes; fairly good."

"Then tell it. May I stay?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Royce and I together, and the doctor drew up a chair.

So I recounted, as briefly as I could, the events of the past two days and the happy accident which had given me the address I sought. Mr. Royce's face was beaming when I ended.

"And you start for France tomorrow," he asked.

"Tomorrow morning. The boat sails at 10 o'clock."

"Well, I'm going with you!" he cried.

"Why," I stammered, startled by his vehemence, "are you strong enough? I'd be mighty glad to have you, but do you think you ought? How about it, doctor?"

Jenkinson was smiling with half shut eyes.

"It's not a bad idea," he said. "He needs rest and quiet more than anything else, and he's bound to get a week of that on the water, which is more than he'll do here. I can't keep that brain of his still, wherever he is. He'd worry here, and with you he'll be contented. Besides," he added, "he ought to be along, for I believe the expedition is going to be successful!"

I believed so, too, but I recognized in Jenkinson's words that fine optimism which had done so much to make him the great doctor he was. I shook our junior's hand again in the joy of having him with me. As for him, he seemed quite transformed, and Jenkinson gazed at him with a look of quiet pleasure.

"You'll have to pack," I said. "Will you need my help?"

"No; nurse can do it. With the doctor here to help us out," he laughed. "You have your own packing to do and odds and ends to look after. Besides, neither of us will need much luggage. Don't forget to reserve the other berth in that stateroom for me."

"No," I said and rose. "I'll come for you in the morning."

"All right; I'll be ready."

The doctor followed me out to give me a word of caution. Mr. Royce was still far from well; he must not over-exert himself; he must be kept cheerful and hopeful, if possible; above all, he was not to worry; quiet and sea air would do the rest.

I hurried back to the office to make my final report to Mr. Graham and to get the abstract which Rogers had promised to have ready and which was awaiting me on my desk. Our worthy senior was genuinely pleased when he learned that his junior was going with me, though our absence would mean a vast deal of extra work for himself. The canvass of the city stables had been completed without result, but I suspected now that Martigny himself had hired the carriage and had perhaps even acted as driver. Such an easy and obvious way to baffle our pursuit would hardly have escaped him.

I finished up some odds and ends of work which I had left undone and finally bade Mr. Graham goodbye and started for my rooms. My packing was soon finished, and I sat down for a final smoke and review of the situation.

There was one development of the day before which quite baffled me. I had proved that there were indeed two women, and I believed them to be mother and daughter, but I could not in the least understand why the younger one had so completely broken down after the departure of the elder with Miss Holladay. I looked at this point from every side, but could find no reasonable explanation of it. It might be, indeed, that the younger one was beginning already to repent her share in the conspiracy. There could be no question that it was she who had struck down Holladay in his office, that she had even refused to go further in the plot, and that her companions had found it necessary to restrain her, but this seemed to me too exceedingly improbable to believe, and as I went over the ground again I found myself beginning more and more to doubt the truth of Godfrey's theory, though I could formulate none to take its place. I became lost in a maze of conjecture, and at last I gave it up and went to bed.

I called for Mr. Royce, as we had agreed, and together we drove down to Morton street. He, too, had limited his baggage to a single small trunk. We secured a deck back to take them into our stateroom, and, after seeing them disposed of, went out on deck to watch the last preparations for departure. The pier was in that state of busy bustle which may be witnessed only at the sailing of a transatlantic liner. The last of the freight was being got aboard with frantic haste; the boat and pier were crowded with people who had come to bid their friends goodbye; two trucks were puffing noisily alongside, ready to pull us out into the stream. My companion appeared quite strong and seemed to enjoy the bustle and hubbub as much as I did. He flushed with pleasure as

he caught sight of our small package his way toward us.

"Why, this is kind of you, sir!" he cried, grasping his hand. "I know what the work of the office must be with both of us deserting you this way."

"Tut, tut!" And Mr. Graham smiled at us. "You deserve a vacation, don't you? I couldn't let you go without



"I want to introduce you to Mrs. Kemball and her daughter."

telling you goodbye. Besides," he added, "I learned just this morning that two very dear friends of mine are taking this boat—Mrs. Kemball and her daughter—the widow of Jim Kemball, you know."

Mr. Royce nodded. I, too, recalled the name. Jim Kemball had been one of the best men at the New York bar twenty years before and must inevitably have made a great name for himself but for his untimely death. I had heard a hundred stories of him.

"Well, I want you to meet them," continued Mr. Graham, looking about in all directions. "Ah, here they are!" And he dragged his partner away toward the bow of the boat. I saw him bowing before a gray haired little lady and a younger and taller one whose back was toward me. They laughed together for a moment, then the last bell rang and the ship's officers began to clear the boat. I turned back to the pier, but was brought round an instant later by Mr. Graham's voice.

"My dear Lester," he cried, "I thought we'd lost you. I want to introduce you to Mrs. Kemball and her daughter, who are to be your fellow voyagers. Mr. Lester's a very ingenious young man," he added. "Make him amuse you!" And he listened away to catch the gang plank before it should be pulled in.

I bowed to Mrs. Kemball, thinking to myself that I had never seen a sweeter, pleasanter face. Then I found myself looking into a pair of blue eyes that fairly took my breath away.

"We'll not neglect Mr. Graham's advice," said a merry voice. "So prepare for your fate, Mr. Lester!"

There was a hoarse shouting at the gangway behind me, and the eyes looked past me, over my shoulder.

"See," she said, "there's one poor fellow who has just made it."

I turned and looked toward the gang plank. One end had been cast loose, but two deck hands were assisting another man to mount it. He seemed weak and helpless, and they supported him on either side. An involuntary cry rose to my lips as I looked at him, but I choked it back. For it was Martigny, risen from his bed to follow us!

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Proper Securities.**

Jinks-Johnson wants to borrow £10 from me. Do you think he is good for that amount? Binks—Yes, with proper securities.

"What securities would you suggest?"

"A chain and padlock, a pair of handcuffs and a dog. That would be enough to hold him."—London Mail.

## Surgical.

The Professor—Now, suppose you had been called to see a patient with hysterics, some one, for instance, who had started laughing and found it impossible to stop, what would you do? Doctor—Amputate his funny bone.—Illustrated Pile.

## An Expert Opinion.

"What do you think of my daughter's execution on the piano?"

"Good name for it, for she certainly does murder the tune."—Baltimore American.

## A Remarkable Curiosity.

There is in Comaught, Ireland, a remarkable curiosity, which gives an example of official oversight. When the great famine of 1847 was upon the land the government of the day conceived the idea of opening a line of navigation from Galway to Ballina by way of Lough Corrib and Lough Mask, so as to avoid the dangers of the western coast. From Comaught a canal was actually made to Lough Mask as part of the general scheme. The work gave a great deal of employment, and so far the canal served its purpose. But when it was completed it was found that the dock of the district is of a very porous character had been overlooked.

## Hunch on the Tortoise.

The tortoise is a great sleeper. One was a domestic pet in an English house, and when his time for hibernating came he selected a corner of the coal cellar for his winter quarters. A new cook was engaged soon after who knew nothing of tortoises. In a few months the tortoise woke up and sallied forth. Screams soon broke the kitchen's calm. On entering that department the lady of the house found the cook gazing in awestruck wonder and exclaiming as with unsteady hand she pointed to the tortoise, "My conscience, look at the stone which I've broken the coal with!"

## The Calceum Fog.

In an air lock it is common practice to note that while unlocking—that is, during the time the lock is open, the pressure is being reduced by opening the discharge valve—a fog accumulates, becoming thick as the temperatures and pressure are lowered. The writer at one time was attacked by the bends, or the calceum disease, after coming out of the old Hudson river tunnel. He was promptly taken into the "hospital," which was nothing but a horizontal tank about the size of a common locomotive boiler. The pressure, amounting at that time to some thirty pounds, was admitted, and it acted instantly to relieve pain and to produce normal conditions. He was told to open the throat valve and let the pressure out so that he might open the door. As he did this he noticed that the temperature was gradually lowered, and at a certain point, known as the dew point, he was enveloped in fog. The pain returned about this time, so that he shut off the discharge valve and opened the cock, admitting compressed air. The fog immediately disappeared, the temperature was slightly increased and the pain stopped. This condition was repeated several times, so that here is a means by which artificial fog may be produced at will. The same physical laws apply to the production of fog as in the condensation of moisture on the exterior of an ice pitcher or on a window pane in winter time.—Compressed Air Magazine.

## Sweet Simplicity.

In the old days there was a professor of psychology at Dartmouth who was so abstruse that it is doubtful if at times he fully understood himself. One day he was profounder than usual. He lectured for nearly an hour on topics away over in the back of the book. The class was dazed. It was far above their heads, and they did not understand even the edges of it. When he had finished, the old man took out his watch and said genially: "Now, there are ten minutes of the hour remaining. If any student desires to ask me a question, I shall be glad to answer it to the best of my ability." The class sat in a stupor. The professor waited for a time and then said: "Is there no one who has a question to ask? There are remaining several minutes that could be profitably employed." Finally one student put up a reluctant hand. "Ah," said the professor, "you have a question. What is it?" "What time is it?" stammered the student.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Nose Jewels.

I suppose that in five years' time anybody who doesn't wear spectacles will be liable to arrest and imprisonment with or without the option of a fine. I cannot believe that all people who wear spectacles suffer from defective vision. I think that the great bulk of the people who overstrain their eyes with pieces of gold mounted glass do so out of vanity. They consider that it improves their appearance and tends to make them look more intellectual. You will notice that no pretty woman or handsome man ever goes about with a gold nose improver. It would, indeed, be an extraordinary thing if our oculists were to tell us that beautiful people never had defective eyesight.—Fall Mail Gazette.

## Natural Varnishes.

Fluid resins or oils from several different trees are extensively used in the Philippines as varnishes. One of them, called oil of sapa, is a pale yellow liquid when fresh, but it becomes dark and viscous after contact with the air. Spread in a thin layer it dries slowly and forms a hard varnish. It is also capable of being burned in a lamp. Another natural varnish is balao, also called oil of apting. It is white when fresh, but darkens after exposure and makes a very tough varnish. Oil of punno is a third variety, inferior to the others in its drying properties. Chemical analysis has shown that all these wood oils consist entirely of hydrocarbons known as sesquiterpenes.

## Turtles as Gardeners.

The peddlers with carts who supply the occupants of villas in the environs of Paris with cherries and other small fruits frequently carry for sale a few small turtles. They are purchased by the inhabitants of the villas to be placed in their gardens, where they are believed to serve as very effective aids to the gardener by preventing the ravages of the insects and other small creatures which are accustomed to do much damage to the flower beds and borders.—Youth's Companion.

## Carlyle on Disraeli.

William Black, the novelist, in his reminiscences of Carlyle, reports him as saying: "There's that man Disraeli. They tell me he is a good speaker. Perhaps I do not know what a good speaker is. But I read a speech of his that he delivered in Glasgow a year or two ago, and it appeared to me the greatest jargon of nonsense that ever got into any poor creature's head."

## A Freak of Nature.

A tree that is a freak of nature is the Asiatic star tree. It grows sixty to eighty feet tall, and for a height of about forty feet the trunk is wholly bare. From that point there spring a number of tangled limbs, which shoot out clusters of long pointed leaves, and these, growing together, emit at night a phosphorescent light.

## Cautious.

Jacks—Townley is an exceedingly cautious man, don't you think? Johns—Cautious! Why, he wouldn't pay a compliment without getting a receipt for it.

The song that we hear with our ears is only the song that is sung in our hearts.—Onida.

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**The Mercury.**  
Newport, R. I.  
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.  
Office Telephone 131  
Home Telephone 1040  
**Saturday, November 3, 1906.**

**THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.**  
FOR GOVERNOR:  
**GEORGE H. UTTER,**  
of Westerly.  
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:  
**FREDERICK H. JACKSON,**  
of Providence.  
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE:  
**CHARLES P. BENNETT,**  
of Providence.  
FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL:  
**WILLIAM B. GREENOUGH,**  
of Providence.  
FOR GENERAL TREASURER:  
**WALTER A. READ,**  
of Glocester.  
GENERAL ASSEMBLY.  
FOR SENATOR:  
**JOHN P. SANBORN.**  
FOR FIRST REPRESENTATIVE:  
**HORACE N. HASSARD.**  
FOR SECOND REPRESENTATIVE:  
**ROBERT S. BURLINGAME.**  
FOR THIRD REPRESENTATIVE:  
**ROBERT S. FRANKLIN.**  
FOR FOURTH REPRESENTATIVE:  
**CLARK BURDICK.**

In order to vote for the re-election of United States Senator Geo. Peabody Wetmore, it will be necessary to vote for the above Assembly ticket.

One of the speakers before the American Bankers' Association at its recent session in St. Louis hit the nail on the head in discussing the subject of education applicable to the needs of the business world when he asserted that "with regard to the high school, the business man has two complaints. It teaches pupils a lot of subjects which are of no use, and it does not make them accurate at anything."

Mr. Higgins, the Democratic candidate for Governor of this State, says: "Our State is not corrupt, our people are not bad, we are a prosperous community; the Republican party is not corrupt." But it is that "awful ring in the State House" that has "run things for thirty years" that is so corrupt. The trouble with that "ring" is it won't get out and let Higgins and his friends run things for a while. Too bad!

Suppose for a moment that a Democratic majority should exist in the next General Assembly and Robert H. I. Goddard should be elected Senator in place of Senator Wetmore, what kind of a position would said Goddard be in? Were he to declare himself an independent when he gets to Washington he would form a select party of one, and have no more influence on legislation, or usefulness, than a yearling snow bank. Should he come out a full-fledged Democrat, then he must team with Tillman, Bailey and Co., that Southern coterie of Senators whose whole interests are opposed to New England's needs, and whose every vote is against whatever Rhode Island stands for. If Col. Goddard should be elected he would enjoy the unenviable distinction of being the sole Northern or Western Senator of the Democratic persuasion. He would be a very small tail to the Southern Democratic dog. And more than all that he and his party, whether it be the independent party of one, or the Northern Democratic party with its one Northern recruit, would be in a hopeless minority, and could accomplish nothing for the good of the State, however much he might try to do something. What is the sense then of the people of the State throwing their votes away by voting for Democratic General Assemblymen?

The colored men of the State have sent out a circular letter to all men of their race from which we take the following pertinent extract: "The fact that nearly five thousand colored citizens are in the public service and receiving salaries aggregating about three million dollars, furnishes further evidence of the broad and liberal policy of the Republican party, while the further fact that the colored employees are proverbially faithful, courteous and efficient, is ample justification of the attitude of the party toward the freedmen of the Nation. It is worth noting that the Democratic party at this very moment is making special effort to repeal some of these laws, and is protesting against the privileges and patronage that we now enjoy. They have already gone the limit in a number of States where the party of Tillman, Vanderman, Hoke Smith, Bailey of Texas and others are in control. Therefore we must bear in mind that the Democratic party of the North, of which H. I. Goddard, D. L. D. Granger and J. F. C. Garvin are a part, works to full accord with the Democratic party of the South, which you know is no friend of the Negro. We warn every Negro to beware of that aggregation, known as the Lincoln Party, because it is nothing more or less than a Democratic deal to beguile you into supporting their candidates, who, if elected, will only aid and abet the south in carrying out their plan of action."

**Rank Deception.**  
At the close of the session, two years ago, an act was introduced entitled an act to amend the nuisance law: no body paid any attention to it supposing it had reference to the liquor traffic. It turned out to be a law that affected a stone quarry in the City of Newport, and while the law was general in its application, it only affected a quarry in the vicinity of the summer home of a wealthy resident. We have no proof and therefore cannot make the accusation, but as a matter of opinion we have not the slightest doubt but that Charles R. Brayton received money from the legislature of this bill through the legislature, and we believe that a great majority of our citizens are of the same opinion. And still there are individuals and a hypocritical newspaper that says that there is no boss and no corruption.—[Editorial Newport Democratic paper.]  
This is one of the worst cases of attempted deception of the many that have appeared in that paper during the campaign. The person who wrote that article knows well the full history of this measure. He knows, and everybody else who takes occasion to look into the matter may know, that the city of Newport was at that time represented in part, at least, by Democrats; that the bill in question was carried to Providence by a Democrat, was introduced into the General Assembly by a Democrat, advocated before the judiciary committee by a Democrat in the person of Clarence A. Aldrich, and passed by Democratic votes, and this last winter was repealed on the demand of the Republican members from Newport. There was no interference on the part of the said Brayton either for or against the bill either on its passage or its repeal.

**Union Men.**  
Their Position in this Campaign.  
The following article written by the head of one of the Labor Unions of this city shows that the Union men are not fooled by the statements made by the Democratic spellbinders and the Democratic newspapers of the State. The laboring men know who their friends are and the great majority of them will always be found voting on the side of prosperity. The writer says:  
"It may not be out of place to consider at this time what constitutes the Union vote, and for whom should it be cast. For the past ten years every annual convention of the American Federation of Labor has been the scene of a spirited battle to force upon the convention the adoption of Socialistic planks, that would compel the American Federation of Labor to endorse every Socialistic candidate for office, and commit itself and its following to that party. This effort has been successfully repelled each year, and at the Convention held in Boston in 1905 President Gompers himself took the floor and denounced the attempt in language both bold and courageous. Thus does the great head of all organized labor place himself on record as being opposed to organized labor committing itself to any party. In fact the constitutions and by-laws of most Labor Unions absolutely prohibit the introduction of any political matter into any meeting, and the Newport Central Labor Union when it adopted its constitution and by-laws included this prohibitory clause.  
A few Sundays ago the State Federation of Labor held a meeting and endeavored to endorse the Democratic ticket. This is practically the same organization that a few years ago sold its name and reputation to a book agent, with which to extort money from the public, but then, as now, the Unions of this city would not stand for it. They publicly opposed the grafters and showed that they could and would act for themselves.  
So the State branch can endorse whom they like, but Newport Union men will continue to judge for themselves. If either was or is to be endorsed we would request the Union to consider the difference between the Democratic party under Grover Cleveland, that broke the Chicago strike and sent Eugene Debs to jail; and the Republican party under Theodore Roosevelt, who won the Pennsylvania coal strike. Did any Democratic administration ever put a Union man in the Cabinet, but Theodore Roosevelt puts President Clarke of the Conductors' Union in the most powerful body in the United States to-day, the Interstate Commerce Commission.  
The Union vote will be cast as individuals, and not as any cliques may attempt to dictate. The Central Labor Union of New York city is fast going to pieces, and why? Political! Each side charges the other with graft, and that is the fate of every Union that attempts to tell its members how to vote. Therefore the duty of every Union man is to vote for prosperity to Newport, which is obtained only by electing George P. Wetmore to the United States Senate.

The Republicans held a rousing rally in Providence on Thursday night, when Attorney General Moody and Governor Utter made beneficial addresses. Mr. Moody brought a message to the people of Rhode Island from President Roosevelt. He said: "I realize full well that it comes out to me, but to the man in whose name and for whose sake I have come here to-night to ask you to place again the State of Rhode Island in support of his policies and administration. I have come here to-night not to speak of the issues which concern your State administration, for I know nothing of them, but to have you as Republicans of this great city of your State again show that the State of Rhode Island believes in the Republican party, believes in Republican policies and believes in the great Republican leader who is in the White House."

**No Cause for Trouble.**  
While the relations of the government of the United States with that of Japan continue to be of a friendly character, some recent incidents have given concern both at Washington and at Tokyo. The poaching of Japanese sealers in Alaskan waters and the killing of some of them, the antagonism of the labor element in California to the Japanese, and, finally, the action of the San Francisco Board of Education in excluding Japanese children from the public schools of that city, have brought about a situation which, to say the least, has within it possibilities of friction. The last mentioned matter was brought to the attention of the administration on Thursday in the shape of a formal protest by the Japanese ambassador, who contends that the discrimination against Japanese children is an infringement of the rights guaranteed to his fellow countrymen under the treaty of 1894. Secretary Root, it seems, suggested to Viscount Aoki that the United States government expected Japan to punish the Japanese sealers who escaped to their own country after being detected poaching in Alaskan waters. At the same time the Secretary recognizes that the protest of Japan is not to be disregarded, and, while giving assurances that the government has no part in any anti-Japanese crusade, he will use every means possible to bring about a reversal of the action taken in San Francisco.

The unfortunate situation of the Countess de Castelar and that of the Duchess of Marlboro may excite the sympathy of the public, but their cases will probably not deter other American girls from accepting alliances with degenerate sons of degenerate foreign title bearers.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Fearing, who have been traveling abroad the past summer, will spend the winter in Rome, returning to this country in the spring.

**Real Estate Sales and Rentals.**  
A. O'D. Taylor has sold for the Gibbs Land Company a lot of 8,400 square feet at the northwest corner of Champlain street and Thurston avenue to Miss Helen Ellis.  
A. O'D. Taylor has rented to Rabbi H. Edgar Rosenberg of the Jewish Synagogue, the house at corner of Bliss Road belonging to William H. Allman of Boston.  
A. O'D. Taylor has rented to George Verne and Co., 2 stores on John street, opposite their principal place of business, for Peter Faerber.  
A. O'D. Taylor has sold "Whetstone" on Easton's Point, Middletown, with residence and 9 acres of land, for the heirs of Alfred Smith, to Mr. and Mrs. Horace S. Graham of Philadelphia.  
A. O'D. Taylor has rented to Willis H. Nelson, the lower half of No. 29 Greene street, for Mr. G. G. Williams, of Manchester, N. H.  
A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Anders Anthony and Olga F. Anthony, their cottage-house and some 7,170 square feet, at No. 21 Brimley street, formerly part of the Eugene estate, to Miss Lilly Neal.

**Weather Bulletin.**  
Copyrighted 1906 by W. T. Foster.  
Washington, D. C., Nov. 3, 1906.  
Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Nov. 5 to 9, warm wave 4 to 8, cool wave 7 to 11. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Nov. 10, cross west of Rockies country by close of 11, great central valleys 12 to 14, eastern states 15. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about Nov. 10, great central valleys 12, eastern states 14. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about Nov. 13, great central valleys 15, eastern states 17.  
This disturbance will not be of great importance, particularly west of meridian 90. In most of its journey across the continent it will be a rather well behaved weather disturber. But it will be the calm before the storm, the smiling devil, the cover to the tiger's claws.  
About Nov. 15 this disturbance is expected to reach the eastern states and from that time onward look out for the worst. Wherever these weather features are Nov. 16 you may expect extreme weather events that will inflict great discomfort.  
I cannot but indicate each storm feature but indications are that on Nov. 16 a low and warm wave will cover the Rockies and Pacific slope along mid-latitudes and the northwest, including Manitoba; that a high and cold wave will cover meridian 90 while another low and warm wave will cover the northeastern states. The above indicates the order in which the separate weather features will move eastward across the continent.  
Near Nov. 16, all the furies will break loose. Venus and Mercury, close to and coming toward the earth like the mad hyenas, but armed like deep sea animals or electric eels, will send currents of electricity into the earth, largely increasing the earth's magnetic forces which in turn will upset the atmosphere, causing notable weather events, not only in North America but in many places all around the earth.  
This impetus, however, will come as the disturbance is passing out to sea and its principal effects will be felt in the next disturbance which will be more particularly described in my next bulletin.  
Following Nov. 3 will come a succession of important weather events. A great high temperature wave followed by a cold wave and including an abundance of fierce November weather.

**Jamesstown.**  
Steamer Beaver Tail omitted her 6 o'clock trip from Jamesstown and the 6:30 trip from Newport, on account of the storm on Wednesday. Those who were unfortunate enough to take passage across from Newport on the 5:30 trip experienced about as rough a passage as one could wish.  
Sergeant Scott has returned to duty after being confined to his home by illness.  
Fortune is the fruit of diligence.

**Washington Matters.**  
Conference over the Japanese Situation—  
The Assistant Secretary Bacon is to go to Paris—Director of the Census is to go to Germany—Notes.  
[From our Regular Correspondent.]  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2, 1906.  
There have been a number of conferences between the State Department and the White House over the Japanese situation. The subject was discussed at the last Cabinet meeting this week. In view of the appeal that had been made to the President by the Japanese Ambassador Aoki, there is no concealing the fact that the situation is one requiring the most delicate diplomatic handling to avoid an open rupture. The chief cause of complaint from the Japanese side is the exclusion of Japanese children from the San Francisco public schools. The Japanese are an exceedingly child-loving race and as small as the provocation may seem, the action of the San Francisco authorities is a grave offense in their eyes than almost anything else that could be done. It happens, too, that, owing to what foreigners consider the remarkable situation in the United States, the action of the San Francisco authorities is entirely beyond their reach of either the President or the Federal Government as a whole. Foreigners hardly understand our system, whereby certain State rights cannot even be touched by the Executive. And the result is that while the President is anxious to do everything in his power to prevent friction with the Japanese government, a small matter like the action of local school authorities in San Francisco is entirely beyond his reach.  
The question that appeals most strongly to this Government is the effect that antagonism with Japan will have on the whole of our Oriental trade. Of course in a difficulty of this sort the Pacific coast would be the first to suffer, but any interference with Far Eastern trade would effect the whole country as well. The situation just now in Manchuria, which is a very important section for us commercially, is rather peculiar. The Japanese government holds the key for the entry of all American produce into Manchurian markets and this of course applies equally well to Korea. An open rupture with Japan would also effect our rapidly increasing trade in China, so it is only natural that this government is anxious to avoid any strained relations with Japan, even though the question of actual war is considered too remote to discuss just now.  
Coming in connection with the Japanese trouble, it is of some interest that Inspector Sumner is about to make a report to the Department of Commerce and Labor, covering the whole of the Alaskan seal question and incidentally the fight in which a number of Japanese seal poachers were recently killed on St. Paul Island. This report will set forth the actual provocation which the coast guards had for killing the Japanese, and it is possible it may open some line whereby the Administration will be able to make friendly demonstrations, which the Japanese government would appreciate at this time.  
The report that Assistant Secretary Bacon, of the State Department, is slated to succeed Ambassador McCormick in Paris is interesting as a rumor, but at this time can be given for nothing more. It is known that Ambassador McCormick's chief interest in entering diplomatic life was to humor the social views of his wife, who is quite willing to pay the price involved for the sake of holding a court of her own abroad. It is not often that American Ambassadors are willing to exile themselves for any length of time from the comforts of home, and after Ambassador McCormick's experience in St. Petersburg and the comparatively short term that he has had in Paris, it is probable that he is quite willing to return to the United States and take up life again in the only country where the average American thinks life is worth living.  
If Mr. Bacon should succeed him at Paris, it would mark a very rapid rise for an exceedingly young man in the service of the government. Mr. Bacon is rich and could well afford the luxury of a diplomatic life abroad, and he has shown by his service at Havana that he is quite capable of coping with delicate diplomatic questions. It is quite possible when Ambassador McCormick does return home that Mr. Bacon will be allowed to succeed him should he so wish.  
The old rumor of Postmaster General Cortelyou's resignation as Chairman of the National Republican Committee has again been revived, this time on the plea that it would be improper for him to retain such a position after he goes into the Treasury Department. It is quite possible that the rumor is about to come true. But it has not prevented a number of unpleasant reports concerning the Postmaster General in connection with the New York campaign. The Democratic element in New York seized on his visit there this week as a fair means of hedging against possible defeat. They claimed that Mr. Cortelyou had gone there for the sole purpose of coaching Mr. Woodruff, as to the best means of getting contributions out of Wall Street for use in the New York campaign without technically violating the law.  
It is announced that the Director of the Census, S. D. N. North, has been appointed the head of the Commission, which will go to Germany and confer on the subject of tariff adjustment with a view to making this country a party to the New German tariff convention. One must admit that Germany has been very patient in her treatment of this country pending the formation of a revised tariff schedule. She extended the time in which her new tariff regulations were to go into effect against the United States, and for many months past President Roosevelt and Ambassador von Sternberg have held conferences as to the best method of settling this difficulty without subjecting a new treaty to the possibility of being turned down by the Senate. Neither the President nor Ambassador von Sternberg profess to be tariff experts, and the matter has been turned over to a commission, which will meet in Berlin to discuss the whole situation and arrive at a conclusion if possible.  
It is probable that Civil Service Commissioner A. W. Cooley will not quit the service of the government after all. It was announced some time ago that he would resign from the Civil Service Commission about next February and resume the practice of law in New York. Mr. Cooley is an intimate friend of the President and one of the several young men who play lawn tennis with him on the court back of the White House and are usually alluded to as the "Lawn Tennis Board." He is quitting the Civil Service Commission was entirely a matter of money, as he knew that he could make more by the practice of law in New York. But it is said now that as a vacancy has been

connected to the Department of Justice by the President of American Attorney General Bacon, that Mr. Cooley will be appointed to this vacancy soon after it occurs.

**A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.**  
Itching, Swelling, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAIN EXIMENT fails to cure in 6 to 12 days. 60c

**WEEKLY ALMANAC.**  
NOVEMBER 1906.  
STANDARD TIME.  
MUN. MOON. HIGH WATER.  
Nov. 3. 8:31. 4:51. 9:41.  
4 Nov. 8:32. 4:52. 9:42.  
5 Nov. 8:33. 4:53. 9:43.  
6 Nov. 8:34. 4:54. 9:44.  
7 Nov. 8:35. 4:55. 9:45.  
8 Nov. 8:36. 4:56. 9:46.  
9 Nov. 8:37. 4:57. 9:47.  
10 Nov. 8:38. 4:58. 9:48.  
11 Nov. 8:39. 4:59. 9:49.  
12 Nov. 8:40. 5:00. 9:50.  
13 Nov. 8:41. 5:01. 9:51.  
14 Nov. 8:42. 5:02. 9:52.  
15 Nov. 8:43. 5:03. 9:53.  
16 Nov. 8:44. 5:04. 9:54.  
17 Nov. 8:45. 5:05. 9:55.  
18 Nov. 8:46. 5:06. 9:56.  
19 Nov. 8:47. 5:07. 9:57.  
20 Nov. 8:48. 5:08. 9:58.  
21 Nov. 8:49. 5:09. 9:59.  
22 Nov. 8:50. 5:10. 10:00.  
23 Nov. 8:51. 5:11. 10:01.  
24 Nov. 8:52. 5:12. 10:02.  
25 Nov. 8:53. 5:13. 10:03.  
26 Nov. 8:54. 5:14. 10:04.  
27 Nov. 8:55. 5:15. 10:05.  
28 Nov. 8:56. 5:16. 10:06.  
29 Nov. 8:57. 5:17. 10:07.  
30 Nov. 8:58. 5:18. 10:08.  
31 Nov. 8:59. 5:19. 10:09.  
Last Quarter, 9th day, 8h. 45m. morning.  
New Moon, 16th day, 8h. 30m. morning.  
First Quarter, 23d day, 7h. 30m. evening.  
Full Moon, 30th day, 6h. 30m. evening.

**Furnished Cottages, Jamestown, R. I.**  
At Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, on point Newport, Mr. Taylor has an office on Narragansett avenue, near corner of Greene Lane, where furnished cottages for the summer season can be rented, prices from \$200 up to \$2,000. Excellent, with single accommodations, obtainable from \$40 to \$70. Jamestown office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 10:30 till 5:30 o'clock (Sundays excepted) from 10:30 till 5:30 o'clock. Mr. Taylor at the Jamestown office every day. Newport office, 182 Bellevue Avenue.

**A. O'D. TAYLOR,**  
REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

**Deaths.**  
In this city, 28th ult., Sarah L., wife of Albert L. Brown.  
In New York, 30th ult., John Beardon.  
In Oakland, Cal., 27th ult., Mrs. L. L. wife of John S. Engle, formerly of this city.  
In Wickford, 25th ult., S. Fannie, wife of Edward C. Gardner, in her 88th year.  
In Wickford, 28th ult., James A. Thomas, in his 64th year.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**  
Genuine  
**Carter's**  
Little Liver Pills.  
Must Bear Signature of  
*Wm. Wood*  
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.  
Very small and easy to take as in wrapper.  
**CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.**  
FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
CARTER'S LIVER PILLS ARE PURELY VEGETABLE AND NON-TOXIC.  
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

**ELECTION WARRANT.**  
STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.  
NEWPORT, SC. CITY OF NEWPORT.  
WHEREAS, Tuesday, the Sixth day of November, A. D. 1906, being the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November, A. D. 1906, is by the Constitution and Laws of this State, designated as the day for holding WARD MEETINGS for the election of a REPRESENTATIVE to represent the First District of this State in the Sixtieth Congress of the United States, and is also by law the day designated for holding the Election for GENERAL OFFICERS, Etc.,  
And Whereas the General Assembly of this State at its January Session, A. D. 1906, on April 20, 1906, adopted a resolution in the words following, viz.:  
"Resolved, That the following proposition be submitted to the people for their approval or rejection at the general election to be held on the Tuesday next following the first Monday in November, 1906:  
METROPOLITAN PARK LOAN.  
Shall the general assembly be authorized and directed to provide for the issue of State bonds not to exceed the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the acquisition and improvement of real estate for public reservations and parks in the Metropolitan Park District of Providence Plantations; these bonds to be issued from time to time in such amounts and upon such terms as the general assembly may hereafter determine."  
WHEREFORE, the qualified electors of this City are hereby warned and notified to meet in their respective Ward Meetings on said TUESDAY, THE SIXTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1906, at half-past six o'clock in the morning at the following named places, designated according to law, viz.:  
IN THE FIRST WARD, at the Ward Room in No. 2 Fire Station building, Bridge Street.  
IN THE SECOND WARD, at the Ward Room in No. 4 Fire Station building, Equality Park Place.  
IN THE THIRD WARD, at the Ward Room in No. 1 Fire Station building, Mill Street.  
IN THE FOURTH WARD, at the Ward Room in No. 7 Fire Station building, Young Street.  
IN THE FIFTH WARD, at the Engine Room in No. 6 Fire Station building, Thames Street.  
AND, to give in their ballots as provided by law, for one REPRESENTATIVE to represent the First District of this State in the Sixtieth Congress of the United States, and also give in their ballots as provided by law, for GOVERNOR, LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, SECRETARY OF STATE, ATTORNEY GENERAL and GENERAL TREASURER and for one SENATOR and four REPRESENTATIVES from this City to the General Assembly of the State for the ensuing year. AND to give in their ballots as provided by law, upon the aforesaid PROPOSITION submitted for their approval or rejection.  
Said Ward Meetings, according to law, will be kept open from half-past six o'clock in the morning until half-past six o'clock in the evening, and no longer.  
WITNESS my hand this 27th day of October, 1906.  
J. H. CHASE. DAVID STEVENS, City Clerk.

**CLEVELAND HOUSE,**  
27 CLARKE STREET.  
A comfortable, pleasant home for Permanent or Transient Guests. Having all modern improvements and conveniences.  
New throughout. Large airy rooms, single or en suite. Rm.

House is heated by hot water... Electricity and gas in each room. Modern plumbing. Hardwood finish, enameled walls. Especially adapted for families. All home cooking. \$2 per day. Special terms to permanent guests.  
FOR TERMS ADDRESS  
**Cornelius Moriarty,**  
27 CLARKE STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

**Carr's List**  
Sophy of Kravonia. By Anthony Hope.  
Rich Men's Children. By Geraldine Bonner.  
Some Successful Marriages. By A. M. Roach.  
Their First Formal Call. By Grace Cooke.  
Romance Island. By Zona Gale.  
The Dragon Painter. By Mary Fenollosa.  
—ALSO—  
The Works of Bernard Shaw.  
DAILY NEWS BUILDING.  
**Just Out!**  
Six New  
**Panoramic**  
Post Cards.  
TRAINING STATION, WASHINGTON SQUARE, BEACON ROCK, THE BEACH, HARBOR FRONT, THE CLIFFS.  
2 for 5 Cents.  
SOLD BY  
Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. D. Dalry, 5 & 6 Cent Store, Landers & Son, W. E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Sney, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co., and by the publishers,  
**MERCURY PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
A Full Line of all the  
**NEW**  
AND  
**Improved Varieties**  
OF  
**VEGETABLE SEEDS**  
FOR SALE BY  
**Fernando Barker.**  
F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.  
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST  
—AND—  
**Dispensing Optician.**  
Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.  
**Children's Eyes a Specialty.**  
If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Optician's prescriptions given personal attention.  
118 SPRING STREET.  
127 830 a. m.—830 p. m.  
**Furnished Cottages**  
TO RENT AT  
**BLACK ISLAND.**  
H. S. MILLIKIN,  
6-9 Real Estate Agent.  
**PERRY HOUSE,**  
WASHINGTON SQUARE.  
OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR  
Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, \$4 up. Special Rates by the Week. 224 F. H. WISEWELL, Prop.



# SCATHING WORDS

Hearst Bitterly Denounced by  
Secretary of State Root

## OPINIONS OF ROOSEVELT

Had Hearst in Mind When He  
Spoke of Assassin of McKinley  
in His Message—"A Violent  
and Unworthy Demagogue"

Utica, N. Y., Nov. 2.—A bitter denunciation of William H. Hearst, which, the speaker said, had the full and complete endorsement of President Roosevelt, was delivered in a public address here last night by Secretary of State Root. At the same time, Root paid an eloquent tribute to Charles E. Hughes and announced that he was authorized to say that the president greatly desired the election of Hughes as governor of New York.

"I say to you with President Roosevelt's authority," said Root, "that he regards Hearst as wholly unfit to be governor, as an insincere, self-seeking demagogue, who is trying to deceive the workmen of New York by false statements and false promises, and I say to you, with his authority, that he considers that Hearst's election would be an injury and a discredit alike to honest labor and to honest capital, and a serious injury to the work in which he is engaged of enforcing just and equal laws against corporate wrongdoing."

"President Roosevelt and Mr. Hearst stand as far as the poles asunder. Listen to what President Roosevelt himself has said of Hearst and his kind in President Roosevelt's first message to congress, in speaking of the assassin of McKinley, he spoke of him as 'inflamed by the reckless utterances of those who, on the stump and in the public press, appeal to the dark and evil spirits of malice and greed, envy and sullen hatred. The wind is sowed by the men who preach such doctrines and they cannot escape the responsibility for the whirlwind that is reaped. This applies alike to the deliberate demagogue, to the exploiter of sensationalism, and to the crude and foolish visionary who, for whatever reason, apologizes for crime or excites aimlessly discontent.'"

"I say, by the president's authority, that in penning these words, with the horror of President McKinley's murder fresh before him, he had Mr. Hearst specifically in his mind. And I say, by his authority, that what he thought of Mr. Hearst then he thinks of Mr. Hearst now."

Characterizing Hearst as a violent and unworthy demagogue and a persistent office-seeker, Root declared that, as a congressman, he had proved a worthless public servant; that while professing to favor an independent judiciary, he had made a deal with Tammany Leader Murphy for the nomination of a judiciary ticket in New York; that while inveighing against corporations, his own corporate management shows the insincerity of his professions; that it is not calm and lawful redress of wrongs which he seeks, but the turmoil of inflamed passions and the terrorism of revengeful force; that he is guided by selfish motives, and that he is "not guiltless of McKinley's death."

Mr. Root declared that Hearst was indeed an especially dangerous specimen of skillful demagogue because he is enormously rich by inheritance and owns "a number of sensational yellow journals" of large circulation, and he can hire many able and active men to speak well of him and praise him in speech and in print and in private conversation. From no community in this state, said Root, does there come concerning Hearst that testimony of life-long neighbors and acquaintances to his private virtues, the excellence of his morals, and the correctness of his conduct.

**Wreckers Misplaced Switch**  
Brunswick, Me., Oct. 30.—An extra freight train of eight cars from Bangor was wrecked inside the Brunswick yard limits. No one was injured but the engine and seven of the cars were demolished and a part of a consignment of four carloads of potatoes was lost. Railroad officials say that the accident was the work of train wreckers who deliberately misplaced a switch. An express was the train which the wreckers sought to derail.

**Apple Crop of 1906**  
Boston, Oct. 31.—According to the New England Homestead's final report of the apple crop of the United States, the total is 30,120,000 barrels against 24,000,000 barrels in 1905, and rather more than 40,000,000 barrels in each of the three preceding years. The figures arrived at are the crystallization of returns from correspondents in every apple producing section east of the Rocky mountains.

**Arraigned as Woman Slayer**  
Providence, Oct. 30.—William H. Priest, the Boston man who was captured at his father's home and brought here to face a charge of manslaughter in connection with the shooting of Mrs. Annie Steward, was arraigned in the sixth district court and on his plea of not guilty was held in \$2000 bail for trial Nov. 9.

**Friendly Bout Ends Fatally**  
New York, Oct. 31.—John Bergen, a stenographer 18 years old, fell dead in a gymnasium here last night after receiving a blow over the heart during a friendly boxing bout. John McGrath, the other boxer, was arrested.

**Bankrupt Concealed Assets**  
Boston, Nov. 2.—A verdict of guilty, returned by a jury on an indictment charging Max Matthews of the Standard Overall Manufacturing company with concealing assets from his trustee in bankruptcy, gave the government a victory in the first criminal prosecution for violations of the bankruptcy law. The case occupied two weeks in trial.

# DISEASED CATTLE

Condemned in Vermont and Then  
Shipped Away For Food

## TEN JURY INDICTMENTS

Two Former Members of State  
Cattle Commission, as Well as  
Rendering Companies, Fined in  
Bonds For Appearance in Court

Burlington, Vt., Nov. 1.—Sensational charges were made in 10 indictments which were returned by the Chittenden county grand jury in connection with the sale of diseased cattle in the state and in the sale of which, according to the indictments, two former members of the state cattle commission participated with a full knowledge that such cattle would be used for food purposes.

Four of the indictments were against the Consolidated Rendering company, and they contained 400 counts. Four were against L. E. Brigham, manager of the Burlington Rendering company. This company is controlled by the Consolidated company and the indictment against its manager, which also contains 400 counts, is identical with that returned against the Consolidated company.

The most sensational disclosures, however, were made in the indictments which were returned against Dr. F. A. Ritch, a veterinarian of this city, and Victor I. Spear of Randolph, both of whom were members of the state cattle commission. Spear's term expired about one year ago and he was not reappointed. Ritch was removed from the commission by Governor Bell just before the latter retired from office.

The indictments against the Consolidated company and Brigham charge the sale of diseased meat in the state and also the shipment of such diseased meat out of the state for the purpose of putting it on sale. Ritch and Spear are charged with selling to the rendering companies diseased beef which they had previously condemned.

According to the state law, Ritch and Spear were empowered to travel throughout the state and inspect the stock of farmers. When diseased cattle were found they were condemned, the owner being paid a sum for the loss of his stock. The indictments returned yesterday charge that the two commissioners, instead of destroying cattle affected with tuberculosis, sold them to the rendering companies, knowing at the time of the sale that such cattle would be sold as food. All of the defendants furnished bonds for their appearance at the March term of the Chittenden county court.

Before the grand jury reported Judge Rowell imposed a fine of \$3000 on the Consolidated Rendering company for its failure to produce before the grand jury certain papers and memoranda which had been demanded. The defendant, in contesting the charge of contempt of court proceedings, maintained that the papers had been destroyed prior to the investigation. Judge Rowell overruled the motion to dismiss the case and he imposed the fine.

In explanation of his failure to make the fine the maximum allowable under the statutes, the judge stated that in fixing the penalty he had in mind the fact that there are further means of punishing the company. It was learned later that the Vermont law provides that a company found guilty of the charges which are pending against the Consolidated company may be permanently prohibited from doing business in the state.

**Advocates of Dangerous Doctrine**  
Boston, Nov. 1.—Without the slightest reluctance, two witnesses for the defense in the trial of an Italian accused of a murderous assault on two of his countrymen admitted that they were anarchists and that all loyal members of their order had an utter disregard for the laws of God and man, and that they believed violence was the wisest and best policy.

**Another Try For the Cup**  
Boston, Oct. 31.—Sir Thomas Lipton arrived here last night for a three days' visit, during which he will be the guest of the city and of the local yachtsmen. In speaking of a possible challenge for the America's cup, Lipton said that he had decided to send another challenge, but could not say whether it would be next year or in 1908.

**Chicago Telephone War Seem**  
Chicago, Oct. 31.—The Independent telephone interests have leased the telephone franchise of the Illinois Tunnel company, thereby securing an entrance into Chicago. This marks the beginning of the telephone warfare between the Chicago Telephone company and the new independent company which has been threatened so long.

**Mistook Man For Wild Animal**  
Montpelier, Vt., Oct. 29.—Harrison Corless, 17 years old, who has admitted that he shot Henry Tracy in North Fayston, mistaking him for a wild animal, has not yet been arraigned in court, and no action will be taken by the authorities probably until the grand jury meets. Corless is still in jail in this city.

**Furtive Suicide Threat**  
Calais, Me., Nov. 1.—Andrew Kaye, 48 years old, who was under jail sentence for disturbing the peace of his family, committed suicide last night by hanging himself in his cell. Kaye leaves a wife and 10 children. He had declared he would end his life.

# VOTE FOR

ELISHA DYER

—FOR—

## Congress

To the People of Rhode Island!

The undersigned, a Committee to aid the Republican State Central Committee in securing the election of Hon. Elisha Dyer to Congress from the First District of Rhode Island, hereby urge their fellow citizens to assist in this movement and to use all honorable and legitimate means to bring about the election of Gen. Dyer to Congress from this District.

A Vote for the Republican nominee for Congress is a vote endorsing President Roosevelt and a recognition of the efficient faithful public services of Gen. Dyer for more than twenty-five years.

WILLIAM AMES,  
R. I. GAMMELL,  
CHARLES D. KIMBALL,  
CAESAR MISCH,  
ARTHUR L. KELLEY,  
GEORGE B. HOLMES,  
STEPHEN TOUTELLEOT,  
GEORGE A. JEPHERSON,

# VOTE FOR

ELISHA DYER

—FOR—

## Congress

To the People of Rhode Island!

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A Vote for the Republican nominee for Congress is a vote endorsing President Roosevelt and a recognition of the efficient faithful public services of Gen. Dyer for more than twenty-five years.

SAMUEL A. PEARCE,  
F. B. HAZARD,  
MELVILLE BULL,  
J. U. STARKWEATHER,  
SAMUEL L. PECK,  
H. H. SHEPARD,  
WILLIAM R. HUNTER,  
JOHN H. WETHERELL,

# The Industrial Trust Company.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$7,000,000

OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,  
303 THAMES STREET.

The future contains no worry or anxiety to a man who deposits a portion of his earnings regularly with this Company. We invite savings accounts of Five Dollars and upward.

The present rate of interest is FOUR per cent.

# Old Colony Street Railway Co

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

449 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Pocahontas Pittston

Georges Creek Lehigh

Lykens Valley Reading

Lorberry Cannel

# COAL

The Gardiner B. Reynolds Co.,  
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Telephone 222.

# SCHREIER'S,

143 THAMES STREET

—FOR—

# MILLINERY.

This is the LEADING HOUSE.

ALL THE NEW SHAPES IN

Felt, Velvet & Beaver Hats.

ALL THE NEWEST NOVELTIES IN

MILLINERY TRIMMINGS.

Specialties in

Children's Hats and Tams.

POPULAR PRICES THE RULE.

# SOUVENIR POSTALS.

You can find anything you want in our assortment of

SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS.

ALSO A VERY COMPLETE LINE OF

# NICE STATIONERY

FROM TEN CENTS PER BOX UP.

At Postal Station, No. 1, 174 Broadway.

S. S. THOMPSON.

# ENFORCING BAIT ACT

Newfoundland Defies the British-American Agreement

St. John's, Nov. 1.—The colonial government has decided to test the validity of the modus vivendi. It has issued an official notice enforcing the bait act, which forbids Newfoundlanders to fish on board foreign vessels within colonial waters, and it intends to prosecute one or more colonial fishermen who have been shipped by Americans outside the three-mile limit after these men have been paid off by the American vessels on which they are serving. After this the supreme court or the privy council will determine whether or not the modus vivendi overrides colonial enactments.

The government furthermore calculates that this threat of prosecution will deter the colonists from going beyond the marine boundary to join American vessels and that the latter will therefore be unable to secure crews to catch herring.

As this would nullify the spirit of the modus vivendi, which means that no body shall be penalized for joining American vessels, it is expected to result in trouble between the cabinets at London and Washington, as the latter probably will demand that Great Britain make good the pledge embodied in the modus vivendi.

# TUMOR ON THE BRAIN

Ends Life of Congressman Hoar,  
Son of Late Senator

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 2.—Congressman Rockwood Hoar, son of the late Senator George F. Hoar, died last night at his home here after an illness of about five weeks. He was taken ill on Sept. 20 and since that time he has been confined to his bed. At the time of his renomination his written letter of acceptance was presented to the district convention.

The illness of Hoar was diagnosed by physicians as neuritis of the head and was not thought at first to be of a serious nature. Later, however, the symptoms became alarming, the patient growing steadily weaker, and five days ago an operation was performed as a last resort. In spite of this operation, the patient continued to fail and during the last few days his condition had been regarded as practically hopeless. A tumor on the brain was the cause of death.

Congressman Hoar's nomination for congress followed very closely the death of his father in 1904. He had been previously district attorney in Worcester county and had held various offices of political preference. He was born in Worcester in 1855. His wife and two daughters survive him.

# Victim of Terrible Disease

Boston, Nov. 2.—Dr. Wright, bacteriologist at the Massachusetts general hospital, has decided that Thomas W. Beals has leprosy. An expert examination showed that he has the bacilli of the dreaded disease in his person. The Boston board of health transferred Beals to the charge of the state, and he was taken to Penikese Island. Beals lived with his wife at Hyde Park. A few days ago he was removed to the Massachusetts general hospital, suffering from what was believed to be at the time a minor non-contagious disease.

# Murder Suspect Arrested

Lincoln, Mass., Nov. 2.—Edward Winnill, a farmhand employed at South Sudbury, was arrested early this morning on suspicion of being involved in the death of Michael Kennedy, an aged farmer, who was found dead in his stable here. Winnill denied being concerned in Kennedy's death, but acknowledged being with Kennedy for the greater portion of Tuesday. He left him at 10 o'clock Tuesday night. Winnill was taken to Concord and locked up.

# Storm Holds Up Coasters

Boston, Nov. 2.—Wednesday's storm dragged after it yesterday a typical norwester, with blustering snow squalls and a cold wave. The offshore gale kept the coastwise sailing fleet hugging windward shores and safe harbors, and only powerful steam craft ventured out. How many vessels were caught by the gale and blown to sea will not be known for several days. Accidents were surprisingly few.

# Murder Story Was False

South Norwalk, Conn., Nov. 2.—As the result of police investigations into the report of the finding of the body of a murdered man between here and Saugatuck, the report was traced to Marie Fabri, whose father stated that the story was an invention by him and that he had told it to his daughter for the purpose of keeping her from going into the woods for chestnuts.

# Murder in First Degree

Middletown, Conn., Nov. 2.—Henry G. Bailey, a farmhand, charged with causing the death of George H. Goodale on July 6 last, was last night found guilty of murder in the first degree. As soon as the jury's verdict was announced the prisoner's counsel made a motion for the postponement of sentence. The court granted a stay until Monday morning.

# Worst Eczema

DOCTORS EVER SAW

Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged and Scalp Looked Dreadful—Suffered Untold Misery for Three Years—Better in Two Months

# MARVELOUS CURE BY

CUTICURA REMEDIES

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly, until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us and some from larger places, but no one helped him a particle. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his scalp was just dreadful. I used many kinds of patent medicines before trying the Cuticura Remedies, all to no avail."

"A friend lent me to try Cuticura. At last I consented, when my boy was three years and four months old, having had eczema all that time, and suffering untold misery. I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies; the Cuticura Soap was better in two months; in six months he was well; but I gave him the Cuticura Resolvent one year, using twelve bottles, I think, and always used the Cuticura Soap for bathing, and do now a good deal. He was four years old before he was well, and his skin became perfectly fair when cured. I give you permission to publish this letter for I am always glad to do good when I can. I think I have told you all there is necessary to tell." Mrs. R. L. Risley, Oct. 24, 1905.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for every kind of Eczema, from Infancy to Old Age, including all forms of Itch, Ointment, or Lotion, 50c. in form of Cuticura, Coated Pills, 25c. per box, or 50c. per box, may be had of all druggists. A single application in the most distressing cases, when all other remedies, and even the best physicians fail. Foster Drug & Chemical Co., Sole Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Get Relief Free, "How to Cure Eczema" Home.

Get "All About the Skin, Scalp, Hair, and Nails."

# Vermont Solon Unseated

Montpelier, Vt., Nov. 2.—Marshall J. Haggood of Peru, a member of the house of representatives from that town was unseated by a vote of 185 to 11, being declared ineligible owing to his having held the position of postmaster of Peru at the time of his reelection by the Republicans to the house. Haggood had forwarded his resignation as postmaster the day previous to election, but his letter of resignation failed to reach Washington until the day after election.

# West Will Not Leave Princeton

Boston, Nov. 1.—Professor West of Princeton university, who was offered the presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology two weeks ago and who has since that time had the matter under consideration, has declined to accept the office. His duties as dean of the graduate school of Princeton university, of which he is the dean and founder, impose claims upon him which, he says, he cannot ignore.

# Suit For Five Cents Damages

Columbus, O., Oct. 29.—Attorney Lloyd has filed a suit for damages against the Columbus Street Car company for the sum of 5 cents, the smallest suit for damages ever filed in this city. Lloyd alleges he was refused a transfer to the Westerville line, though the franchise of the company explicitly declares that a transfer shall be given.

largest amount of dry food material in the corn is not obtained until it has fully matured, nearly one-third being lost if harvested before time.

As he himself used to wear. Con-  
sequently, after the lapse of hundreds  
of years, the ancient pensioners are  
to be seen, wandering about the  
streets of Munich in the same clothes of  
the fifteenth century.

Starting a Ghost.  
A famous Scotch dean used to tell a story the key to which is in this toast, "Weel, minister ghaist, is general rising or are ye just tak daumder frae yer grave by yer-  
—  
consistency with ourselves is the chief weakness of human nature.—  
—

**Bulzac's Buttons.**

He wore a blue dress coat with buttons. A play of his, "Les Mises de Quinola," was in vogue at the Odeon theater in Paris, Bulzac, ever hopeful, expected an easy success. In order to appear in a costume on the opening night he ordered a blue dress coat lined with the buttons of which were of eighteen carat gold, "Quinola" being a ghastly failure, and for some time after it left the bill Bulzac was heavily lured up. Whenever ready money was called for and ready money he had none—he used to cut one of his buttons off and sell it to a jeweler, and so he lived until the day of his death the coat was covered with buttons and its success was called by Bulzac and his friends "Les Ressources de Quinola."

**Ruddy.**  
 Artist's Friend—My dear Harold, I  
 see your picture very much, only I  
 the original doesn't look quite so  
 as you have painted him. He  
 has a ruddy complexion; quite the  
 reverse. Impressionist Artist—Who on  
 earth are you talking about? Artist's  
 Friend—Why, your uncle, of course.  
 Impressionist Artist—Gracious, man,  
 but isn't my uncle. It's a sunset!

---

... and close culture are sim-  
 ilar earmarks of a successful type

CHAS. J. LONGSTRECH, N. E. P. A.  
11-19 720 Washington Street, Boston.

**CASTORIA.**  
Bears the  
Signature *Castoria* The Kind You Have Always Bought



# Just Miss June

By Virginia Leila Wentz

Summer after summer the same elderly quiet people had come to Mrs. Austin's pretty country boarding house, and the same noisy, vehement children. Of course there had been some additions to the latter class, some defections from the former, but the character of the company had remained much the same. This year, however, came a new boarder of a distinctly different element. He was Paul Campbell, a playwright of some reputation.

Being the only eligible man on the place, Miss Austin had managed to lay hold of Mr. Campbell as her especial property. At first he did not mind. Were not her eyes sufficiently blue? Was there not always about her the odor of orris and heliotrope? But when he discovered that both mother and daughter were trying to work the matrimonial game upon him he balked.

One warm day they had been down to the lake boating, and now they had turned their faces homeward. "If you find the path rough for fashionable heels or tear your gown with the wild roses, on your head be the consequence," Paul Campbell was warning Miss Austin, who had capriciously chosen a path through the woods, while he had wisely indicated another.

"I don't care. It's too hot to breathe today, and I know this is the shorter way. It'll get us home more quickly than the other."

"Well, it must be single file," observed Campbell, with something like positive relief, remembering that the arrangement would do something to add to the difficulty of conversation.

"You'll have a good opportunity," threw back Miss Austin over her shoulder, "of determining whether my hair is of my own."

"Its glory," answered Campbell, quick always in saying the required thing, "must blind me to its defects, if there be any."

"So good of you to make the qualification," retorted Miss Austin.

Here and there the brier roses bloomed in all their exquisite pinkness. Campbell absent-mindedly broke off a spray. Absently, too, he pulled the leaves from the stalk. Then he chanced to look upon the pink bud.

With a whimsical, half tender gesture he thrust it into his buttonhole. Oh, he was a fool, beyond doubt, to fancy such a connection. But those unostentatious little petals, showing their delicate veins as they tapered upward and infolding so much wild sweetness, reminded him of Miss June.

June was Mrs. Austin's younger daughter. She had wide, dark eyes and teeth of pearl, but she was not beautiful, like her sister Jane. Their names, in fact, many of the boarders thought, ought to have been turned about, for June was just like her sister's name, while Jane was as flushed and jubilant as summer's first month.

"There's a pleasure as well as a credit in dressing her," June had once overheard her mother say when she'd slipped June into a thin white frock and brushed her glossy curls. That was twelve years ago. June was only six, but her fragile little hands had gone together in mute protest, and her eyes had grown larger with half understood pain.

June, whom her household and the summer boarders saw; June of the infrequent speech, the shy, fugitive smiles and proud, reticent air—that was not June of the woods whom Paul Campbell had grown to know. June of the woods had an elusive grace, shining eyes, laughter as silvery as the rippling streams, exquisite fancies, quick, dramatic gestures and withal a delicate, childish abandon of spirit.

"Well," asked Miss Austin as they came out from the woodland path on to the sunny road, "have you settled the affairs of the nation? I looked back at you once or twice, but you were in such a brown study you didn't notice me," she pouted.

"Miss June, how could that be possible?" mocked her courteously. "Pshaw," she said, twirling her sunshade indignantly. "I believe I'm nothing but a peg for you to hang compliments on."

"You are the magnet which attracts them," he corrected. Suddenly Miss Austin lifted her eyes.

"That wild rose bud in your coat is very pretty. Will you give it to me for a remembrance of the day?" Campbell's fingers closed upon the bud to detach it; then he remembered. "No, Miss Austin," he laughed, thrusting his hands into his pockets; "it would be inappropriate. When I go to the village tomorrow I'll get you some roses from the florist's."

One morning several days later they were in the woods together, June and he, under the silver column of a beech tree. She sat beside him, with her slim, brown hands folded in her lap and the wild rose buds withering in her dark hair. The pink of them had somehow stolen to her cheeks. She was happy today in spite of the fact that Campbell was chiding her.

"See here, young lady," he was saying half seriously, half playfully, "if you continue to evade me as you've been doing for the past few days I'm going to pack up my trunk and leave next week. What possible pleasure do you think I find in a lot of staid ladies who knit on the porches and children who squabble?"

"There's Jane," suggested the girl demurely, watching the flash of a bird through a rift in the foliage. "She likes to be with you, Mr. Campbell, I'm sure. And I'm sure—here the pearly teeth caught the scarlet underlip—" "Jane's neither a staid knitting lady nor a squabbling child. And why should you miss me? I'm not beautiful like Jane. I'm just—"

"Just Miss June," finished Campbell simply. But there was a world of implied rebuke in his voice.

"Just Miss June," suggested the girl demurely, watching the flash of a bird through a rift in the foliage. "She likes to be with you, Mr. Campbell, I'm sure. And I'm sure—here the pearly teeth caught the scarlet underlip—" "Jane's neither a staid knitting lady nor a squabbling child. And why should you miss me? I'm not beautiful like Jane. I'm just—"

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June trembled beneath his words and knew not why she trembled. But there was sufficient dramatic force in her to go toward the making of a great actress. She eyed a spray of scarlet columbine on a gray rock overhanging a dark pool. Unconsciously the contrast of colors struck her artistic eye, and she made use of it all to hide her sudden emotion.

"Will you fetch me those columbines that wave from the rock and throw colored patches on the pool, Mr. Campbell?" said she quietly.

But when he had gone her hand went for support to the column of the beech, her bosom rose and fell and her wide eyes dilated, then half closed.

"Oh, dear God," she prayed inwardly, "I've never had any one in my whole life really to love me. And he is so big and so knightly. Don't let me imagine a vain thing that would break my heart. Let me remember that I am plain—and that he is just kind."

"Here," cried Campbell cheerfully, coming back with a bunch of the columbine and handing it to her. "The scarlet just matches your lips, 'little maid.' It was not alone her lips that were scarlet now; a flame spread hotly over her cheeks.

In a few moments she jumped up, laughing, smoothing out her blue gingham frock. "If ever I come to regard myself as a bewitching fairy princess I'll hold you responsible, sir. But I must be going now. I'm still Cinderella," she added. "I promised mother to make the salad dressing for luncheon."

And so the fragrant summer month drifted irresponsibly on.

One warm evening when the air was filled with the gold of fireflies, a maze of spangles, now darkening, now brightening, Mrs. Austin came out on her side porch, which, for a wonder, was vacant, and swung her portly weight none too gently into the hammock. The silver of the moon was beginning to tremble through the leaves of the trees and to show patches of the garden path that would toward the front gate.

"Those locusts sound awfully shrill," thought Mrs. Austin, trying ineffectually to put the hammock in motion. Then she lay there inert, yielding to the drowsiness of the air.

She must have dozed off a bit, for suddenly she started as if the way of one who tries to capture one's waking wits.

"And you know, dear, that I love you. I guess I've been loving you right from the first, but I didn't realize it till—"

Two figures had just passed the moonlit patch in the path and were emerging into the shadows that stretched toward the gate. So Mrs. Austin couldn't exactly see who they were, but she recognized Campbell's rich, deep voice.

"At last!" she cried, smiling broadly. "Well, Jane deserved it—and she'll have a good husband." She raised herself up in the hammock. Sleep had fled.

Now, just at that moment Sarah, the cook, who had been buying some ribbon and rushing in one of the village shops, happened to enter the front gate. As she came abreast of the wide porch Mrs. Austin leaned over the railing.

"Sarah," she whispered, with maternal pride in her voice, "was that Miss Jane who went out of the gate then with Mr. Campbell?" It was a statement rather than a question.

"No'm," said Sarah, looking up quickly; "that wasn't Miss Jane, ma'am; it was just Miss June."

A catalog of misnomers.

"A silver shoehorn is a misnomer," said a philologist. "So is a wooden milestone. So is a steel pen."

"A shoehorn is a piece of horn, according to its name. How can it be made of silver, then? In like manner a milestone can't be made of wood—though they have them, the same as nutmegs in Connecticut—nor can a pen, which strictly means a feather, be made of steel."

"Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland. Jerusalem artichokes were never heard of in Jerusalem. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but from the red prussiate of potash."

"Galvanized iron is not galvanized. It is zinc coated. Carpet is not the gut of cats, but of sheep. Kid gloves do not come from kid skins, but from lamb skins."

"Sealing wax has no wax in it, nor is it a byproduct of the seal. Wormwood bears no relation either to wood or worms. Rice paper is never made from rice. Salt is not a salt."

"Copper coins are bronze, not copper. India ink is unknown in India. Turkey comes from our own country, from Turkey never."

A Lazy Poet.

Laziness does not always confer the long life claimed for it by Dr. Herbert Snow. Of proverbial laziness was Thomson, the poet, drowsing away the greater part of his life in his garden at Richmond, listening to nightingales, writing the interminable poems that everybody now admires and nobody reads. There he could often be seen standing eating the peaches off the trees, "with his hands in his pockets." Such an instance of indolence would be hard to beat and should, one would think, have added at least ten years to his life. But Thomson died at forty-eight.—London Chronicle.

Necessity.

Dinglebats—The oculist charged you \$5 for taking a grain of sand out of your eye? That's pretty steep, isn't it? Dinglebat—I thought so till I looked over his bill. It was for "removing foreign substances from the corner," and, of course, that costs more.—Chicago Tribune.

Would Please Dick.

Mrs. Thompson—if you marry Dick, you need never expect me to come to see you. Daughter—Just say that into the gramophone, won't you, please? Mrs. Thompson—What for? Daughter—I want to give it to Dick as a wedding present.

Literary Clubs.

Literary clubs are a very harmless form of hero worship. They make just the same excuse for literary people to meet together as whilst or bridge to a less bookish class.—Sphere.

## The Many Cooks.

The "county cook" stood in the lane at the back of the school building, and shaded her eyes from the sun, which was setting in a bank of purple clouds. In her trim black gown, with the starched apron and dainty white sleeves, she looked as fresh as though the South Kensington College of Cookery had but that instant turned her out, armed with the diploma that had secured her appointment under the County Council. At the present moment, she also possessed a very impatient frown, the cause of which lay in a note she held in her hand.

Viva Kerr read the ill-spelled letter once more and sighed. It was her custom to hold a weekly demonstration and lecture at the remote townlet of Hillstone, and on those occasions Mrs. Thompson, the wife of a local gamekeeper, acted as her assistant. At the moment when she had completed all her preparations for the class, a shock-headed boy had appeared with the disturbing letter.

"Dear Madam," it ran. "I'm sorry to say as I'm ill with the more throat, so I cannot oblige you to-night, and being so late I can't find you no one else but my cousin, him being up at the squire's and in the house, so will be handy and useful, and I've sent him word this minute, so he will be sure to oblige you. Yours obediently, Sarah Thompson."

The village clock struck eight, and still Viva waited for her assistant. Apparently, the obliging youth omitted punctuality from his stock of virtues. As the last stroke died away, and the girl turned to go inside the schoolhouse, a man rode furiously down the lane on a bicycle. The machine was old and battered, and, like the clothes of the rider, had seen better days. Viva saw a dark, youthful face, and noted that the flier on his old cap and the white neckcloth, twisted round his throat in place of collar, gave the man more the appearance of a groom than that of an indoor servant.

"Are you from the Hall? Stop this instant!" she called out in a very peremptory manner.

The man started, but jumped off his bicycle.

"Yes, I'm Hall," he said, gazing at the girl. Viva hardly heard the answer.

"I've been waiting ages," she said, in an aggrieved manner. "I was told to expect you at the cookery class to-night."

"Cookery class?" The man's countenance cleared. "Yes, I did promise something—" he began, but he spoke to Viva's back.

"Follow me quickly, and don't waste time," she directed.

There was a smile on the man's face, as he obeyed these instructions, but when he had passed the door of the schoolhouse, the grin faded to a genuine look of fear.

The room was large and bare. On a raised platform stood a gas stove, and on the table there was a collection of cooking utensils and provisions. All this was harmless enough, but what brought the bushy red to Hall's face and fixed it there was the fact that the room was simply packed with the petulant brigade—most of them young, and a fair proportion quite pretty.

Notebooks in hand, they sat round on the forms. Some looked bored, and were obviously there under protest, while others were so eager in their search after new recipes that they did not need a rug to label them "Engaged." All of them stared at the masculine intruder.

The charming cook stepped on to the platform.

"I'm exceedingly sorry to be late in starting," she said, "but my assistant kept me waiting. However, we will lose no more time."

She hurriedly gave out the initial recipe, and then turned to the thoroughly alarmed Hall.

"You'd better have this on," she observed, and then she started to tie a very servicable looking apron about him. Hall placed desperate hands to restrain her.

"Not for worlds!" he exclaimed; "and really, Miss—"

The black eyebrows arched themselves in a disagreeable manner. "It is simply to save your clothes," she remarked acidly. "If I" such an accent on the "I"—"do not mind wearing an apron, surely you need not object."

Hall felt himself dwindling visibly. "Look here, Miss—er," he began, "I really must explain. You're making a mistake. Do listen! I don't know what you expect me to do, and—"

He stopped in despair, for Viva, who noticed that the class was waiting, cut in hurriedly. "Can't you see you're keeping us waiting?" she cried. "I've been hindered and bothered enough as it is, without you. You don't know what to do? Simply do as I tell you. I don't expect more. You might surely try and help, instead of putting obstacles in my way."

Hall looked at her. Anger had deepened her frown to a deep carveration color, and her gray eyes had darkened to purple pansies. A sudden admiration glowed in his face.

"If you put it like that, of course, I'll do all I can," he said, and Viva nodded. She noticed now that the clean shaven face had deceived her. Her assistant was an older man than she had originally taken him to be.

"Evidently stupid and can't get on," was her deduction. Then, absorbed in her work, she forgot all about her assistant. For his part, he watched her with amusement.

"That's a young madam," he decided, as her high-pitched voice laid down the law on the science of cookery. The slight element of authority which her position gave her was evidently pleasing to the girl, but her vigorous grace and the energy with which she worked made Hall gaze at her with pleasure, while he mechanically tried to cope with her abrupt demands for "bowl" or "spoon." Suddenly, as she was about to place a dish on the stove, she met his gaze and the admiration made her redder with annoyance.

"Just watch this pastry, and turn down the gas in five minutes time, exactly," she commanded as she turned away.

Her recourses were the simplest, and were evidently selected to meet the needs of a rural population. Baked haddock and cottage pie did not prove inspiring, so once again Hall watched the wavy black hair, and marked the play of the mobile features in dreamy content.

"Are those tarts ready?"

Viva's high-pitched voice suddenly broke his reverie. Hall gave a guilty start of horror.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten," he stammered.

Never before in his life had he been so thoroughly afraid of a woman, and his knees nearly shook as, with the air of an empress, Viva swept past him to the oven. She banged open the door and slammed down on the table a tray of blackened pastry, while Hall heart-

ily wished the ground would swallow him up, and smother his soul with the sympathetic dust of King Ahab.

"You see the result of my 'poor pastry, ladies!'"

The county cook's voice vibrated with anger.

"This is exceedingly annoying, as they were specially ordered for a supper party to-night, and we help to meet our expenses in this way. I suppose I'm to blame, but, at the same time, I must say that if I cannot expect anything but ignorance from inexperienced people, one has a right to expect ordinary care and common sense."

The look she gave poor Hall seemed suddenly to brace him up, for he raised his drooping head.

"I'm exceedingly sorry for the accident," he said, "and as I gather some inconvenience may result, will you kindly allow me to make good the deficiency."

"He stared at the speaker, and Miss Kerr's eyes opened in surprise. This was not the kind of speech she had expected from an assistant, but her astonishment was quickly swallowed up in a greater wonder.

The assistant had possessed himself of her place. With lightning rapidity he seized a bowl and spoon and began a series of rapid movements. Eggs seemed to crack as though by magic; flour whirled round in a white cyclone, and sprays of water splashed through the air. The deft fingers seemed everywhere—patting, kneading, cutting, molding with unerring skill, while the class gazed in astonishment. They had the feeling of watching a performance which should have progressed to slow music and applause. When the last tartlet was popped into the oven, the transformed assistant turned to his audience with a smile.

"As I am about fifteen years out of practice I hope you will wait about ten minutes to see if I have vindicated myself."

He need not have troubled. The class had no intention of disbanding until it had seen those tartlets emerge from the oven. And when after a short time they appeared from that fiery trial to be subjected to the hotter ordeal of the scrutiny of fifty pairs of eyes, a storm of enthusiastic exclamation arose. Such a triumph of cookery had never been witnessed in Hillstone before.

And the county cook knew it, too! She saw the room grow angry, as the class melted away and she was at last left alone with her assistant. She looked at him with inquiring eyes; all her self assertion had vanished, and it even seemed to Hall as though the starch had gone out of her apron.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"There now, you would not let me explain, I'm Adrian Hall, from the Colossal Hotel."

Viva gasped. She knew the name. Only a previous week a magazine had published an interview with the celebrated Adrian Hall—an artist in his special line, and the head chef in England, or, as some asserted in Europe, who, after a varied career, had proved himself a very genius in the culinary art. She had read of his army of chefs and subordinates, and his princely income, and on top of the recollection came another. She had given him a demonstration of cookery.

"You see, I only get a holiday about once in five years, and was here fishing. Met the squire, and he invited me to try my preserves. He happened to mention that he had put in one attendance at the cookery class, and I offered to look in for him," went on Hall.

Viva's sigh was indicative of the resignation of despair.

"Well, I suppose I've quite done for myself in Hillstone," she said. "I've begun with, I've made a laughing stock of myself. Then, of course, you'll tell the squire all you've seen. Yes, I know that sauce was burned, though I did say it was the coloring. And there's worse than that."

"Still worse?" Hall was heartless enough to laugh in the face of such a tragedy.

"Yes—worse," was the reply. "I—I told you to take hints from me."

Here the tears fell, but Hall affected not to see them.

"Anyway," he said, "you've taken me on as assistant, and a jolly poor job I've made of it. Now I'm going to finish up in the orthodox way by washing up. Won't you help me? It's rather fun."

So Viva took up a towel and helped him, just as a year later she helped him to see the names "Adrian" and "Viva" on a wedding cake.—Answers.

## Golden Rule in Business.

Some misunderstand the Golden Rule, which is, in spirit, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and in act, "Whatever you would that he should do to you, do ye even so to them." Whoever transacts any business (unless he has means and the disposition to give his property away) is entitled under the Golden Rule to the cost of the labor, the cost of the materials, the cost of storing them, the cost of showing them, the cost of delivering them, a reasonable compensation for his own time, work and judgment, a reasonable profit and a reasonable interest on his capital, with the addition of the rent he has to pay (if he does not own his site) and an additional amount to provide for future contingencies, and for his support and that of his family in the non-productive period of old age or ill health. The would-be purchaser who does not recognize this cannot plead the Golden Rule in defense of his view, and the man who does not charge this, unless compelled to make sacrifices in order to keep up his business, is oversteering the Golden Rule as against himself and his family. Meanwhile the Golden Rule can exert its influence in his business transactions where he can discriminate and prove a good true Samaritan.

All business should be conducted as the spirit and precepts of Christ require. The phrase "running a business as Christ would run it" is ambiguous and unworthy the use of intelligent and reverent Christians—even to attract custom.—New York Advocate.

## Our Tougher Daddies.

Our forefathers ate what they wanted, drank water from springs and brooks with never a thought of microbes, and they lived to a green old age. We strain and filter and boil and examine and test and worry and stew, and most of us die untimely from digestive trouble if we escape an operation for appendicitis. Let's have a little common sense, a little less popular science and a whole lot better health.—Astoria Herald.

## CASTORIA.

The Kid You Have Always Bought

Beck's Signature

He's very gallant at any rate.

"Oh, yes, but he goes to extremes. I just heard him telling Miss Maudslayi that noses are merely convex duples."

Adam (returning to dinner) to Eve—Good heavens! Oh, these women! They can't leave anything alone. You have gone and made the salad out of my Sunday clothes!—Bon Vivant.

CASTORIA.

The Kid You Have Always Bought

Beck's Signature

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CASTORIA.

The Kid You Have Always Bought

## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, care Newport Historical Room, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1906.

## NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST  
HIS  
DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES  
WITH  
NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

Children of Sarah West and Jacob Fleming, who would have Catherine, their aunt, share if she should die, were, James Fleming, b. 1768; Joseph Fleming; Stephen Fleming; Jacob Fleming; Sarah Fleming and John Fleming. Their mother died before 1788.

John West of this will, brother of Sarah (West) Fleming, b. Me. 1752; d. 1823; md. Mary (Slocum), dau. John, she d. 1835, both buried in grounds of Christ Church, Shrewsbury, N. J.

The grandmother of these children, Ann Lippincott, b. 4; 17; 1690; md. (1) 5; 2; 1701, Joseph Wing, and md. (2) Stephen Colvin b. Sept. 24, 1683, whose sister, Amey Colvin married Peter Roberts, as has been given in this record, had the following brothers and sisters.

1. John Lippincott who married 7; 5mo; 1692 Sarah Huett, whose mother, Faith Huett died 30; 11; 1710, whose husband was Thomas Huett, for whom Sarah named her first child. He was a sea captain and a whaler, for inventory of his wife's estate a whale craft at three pounds is mentioned, also mentioned in his inventory of Jan. 16, 1710; children of John and Sarah (Huett) Lippincott were, as found on Friends records of Shrewsbury:

Thomas Lippincott, b. 18; 3; 1698; md. 7; 5mo; 1714 Elizabeth White, dau. Thomas.

Jacob Lippincott, b. 7; 5mo; 1695; m. 17; 8mo; 1717, Mary White, dau. Thomas.

John Lippincott, b. 8; 7; 1697; d. y.

John Lippincott, b. 18; 12; 1699.

Margaret Lippincott, b. 22; 10; 1702.

Mary Lippincott, b. 3; 1mo; 1704.

Faith Lippincott, b. 28; 7mo; 1707.

Deborah Lippincott, b. 17; 1mo; 1711.

Ann Lippincott, b. 5; 11mo; 1719.

md. 18; 1mo; 1738 Levy White in Meeting House at Shrewsbury. Those who signed their marriage certificate after themselves were: John, Thomas and Jacob Lippincott, Thomas White. On left hand column: Rachel Hance, James and Leah Tucker, Jane White, Elizabeth Parker, John Cortes.

2. Robert Lippincott who died in Shrewsbury 9; 18; 1684.

3. Preserve Lippincott who married before 1696, Elizabeth (Williams, daughter of John (1) Williams, who made his will 2; 6mo; 1717, as found in N. J. Archives, Vol. 28, p. 510, taken from Liber A. p. 160, at Trenton N. J., his inventory taken by Philip Edwards and Steven Colvin, March 21, 1719, sworn to by Daniel Williams, eldest son of John (1) Williams.

(To be continued.)

## QUERIES

6177. BROWN—Hon. George Brown died January 18th, 1886, in his 90th year; his wife Hannah Robinson died July 8th, 1822, in her 72nd year. Their son, Col. George Brown, died Sept. 20th, 1864, at 78. His wife Mary, daughter of Rowland and Mary Brown died February 28th, 1842, in her 57th year. John R., son of Rowland and Mary Brown, died January 18th, 1863, at 65, all interred at River Bend Cemetery, Westerly, R. I.

Tower Hill in South Kingstown, R. I., seems to have been the place of residence of the Rowland Browns.

Hannah Robinson, named above, was the daughter of William, and granddaughter of Gov. William Robinson. (Rowland Robinson and Descendants by Thos. R. Hazard, pp. 151-2)

Lieut. Gov. George Brown and Hannah his wife had three sons, William, Col. George already named and John.

The mother of Hannah Robinson was named Hannah Brown.

Can anyone give dates for the sons of Dept. Gov. George Brown? or descent in the Brown line.—E. U. S.

6178. DEXTER—I. John Stuger Dexter, of John, Cumberland, and Mary Pearce, of Major Preserved, married Nov. 2, 1775. East Greenwich Vital Records. Children (on Cumberland records):

1. John Pearce Dexter. No issue.

2. Daniel Stuger Dexter, b. Nov. 12, 1778. Issue.

3. Alexander Scammel Dexter, b. Mar. 8, 1785. No issue.

4. Eliza Dexter, b. Mar. 5, 1787, md. George C. Nightingale Sept. 27, 1807. (Prov. Gazette). Issue.

5. Mary Anne Dexter, b. Cumberland July 25, 1790; md. Dr. John M. Eddy, Nov. 20, 1814. Issue.

(Will of John Stuger Dexter, dated Jan. 19, 1842, probated Aug. 5, 1844, mentioned son John Pearce Dexter; daughter Eliza Nightingale; grandson Frederick A. Eddy; granddaughter Mary Dexter Nightingale; grandson George Edward Nightingale, land in Ohio; granddaughter Ellen Evans Dexter, in right of her deceased father, my son.)

Daniel Stuger Dexter, b. Nov. 12, 1778, died at Erie, Penn., Oct. 31, 1818. (Prov. Gazette), md. Hannah Keron of Pittsburgh, 1795. Had daughter Ellen Evans Dexter, b. 1816, who married John Blanchard of Erie. Have not been able to locate this family. She may have had children. If so, would like list.

Eliza Dexter, md. George C. Nightingale, Sept. 27, 1807. Had Mary Dexter Nightingale, md. Wm. Snow of Providence as second wife. No issue. Were there other children? This family seems to have gone to the West.—F. L. M.

6179. SPINK—Wanted the descendants, if any of Leah Spink, daughter of Shiloh Spink, Deborah (?) either Waite, Perry or Hazard). Leah was born Oct. 31, 1749, and was a Quaker preacheress. She was born in East

## Up to Your Eyes

In house cleaning? Of course, and this big store brim full of just the things you're thinking of most. What wouldn't you give if you could only afford to replace the old parlor suit with a new one? Why, it would make the whole house look different. Well, just speak up courage enough to come down here and see if you can't afford it. There's 5,000 square feet of parlor furniture here. Beautiful! That doesn't half express it, and so little priced you'll send the old worn out pieces to the woodshed in a jiffy. Just picture to your mind this little suit.

## Three Pieces

Sofa, Arm Chair and Side Chair, all large substantial pieces, as gracefully outlined as it can be and with all the style of the most experienced sort; quality's there, too; upholstered in beautiful tapestries; you wouldn't say a cent less than \$35— \$23.

## A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

## Chance to Locate Your Business on Thames Street.

Valuable Property. One of the best locations on the street.

Can be purchased or rented.

## WM. E. BRIGHTMAN.

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.



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A residence telephone saves wet feet, consequent colds and a Doctor's bill.

LOCAL RESIDENCE RATES ARE LOW.

## PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE COMPANY.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

142 SPRING STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Greenwich, R. I. had sister Mary, Elizabeth, both older than herself, two sisters younger, Sarah and Deborah, and two brothers younger, Shiloh Jr. and Ishmael. Would also like very much to know the surname of her mother Deborah (?) and who Leah's sisters married.—K. L. M.

6180. TENNANT—From National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, William Tennant, clergyman, came with his family to America in 1717, at Bedford, N. Y., 1726 he settled at Nesbitt, Bucks Co., Penn. He died there May 6, 1745-6. Sons, Gilbert, b. Ap. 5, 1703, d. July 23, 1764; William, b. June 3, 1705, d. Freehold, N. J., Mar. 8, 1777; John, b. Nov. 12, 1707, d. Freehold, N. J., Ap. 23, 1732.

Charles had William's daughters and other sons? Would like names and data. William and Gilbert were famous preachers. Gilbert made a tour of preaching throughout Conn. towns, New London, Norwich and other places. William, son of William, was an ordained minister, at Norwich, Conn., 1755-1772. Charles evidently went to Tennessee or Maryland. His daughter Martha married David Rogers of New London. (See Rogers gen.)

Would be glad to get all the children of William, particularly daughters, and also the children of William, Gilbert and Charles Tennant.—M. A. M.

## ANSWERS.

5019. GAGER—John Gager was the only child, now known to have survived, of William Gager, who came from Little Walsingham, Co. Suffolk, England, in 1630, with Gov. Winthrop, to America; but died Charlestown, Mass., 20 Sept. 1630, from the effects of ill diet at sea. John Gager was born probably about 1625, in England. He was one of John Winthrop, Jr.'s Co., that settled New London, Conn. A bequest of the elder Gov. Winthrop reads "I will that John Gager shall have a cow, one of the best I shall have, in recompense of a heifer his father bought of me; and two ewe goats, and ten bushels of Indian corn."

The town of New London granted him 200 acres east of the river, near the straits (now Ledyard), whither he removed about 1651. He was one of the founders of Norwich, Conn., in 1659. His will, dated 21 Dec. 1695, describes himself as "being now aged and full of days," but he survived until 10 Dec., 1703. It also mentions his wife Elizabeth (maiden name unknown), his "only son Samuel," and six sons-in-law.

Children:

1. John, b. Sept. 1647; m. Deborah, dau. of Robt. Allyn; d. 1691 without issue.

2. Elizabeth, b. 1649; m. John, son of Robt. Allyn, 24 Dec. 1668, (or 1669).

3. Sarah, b. 1651; m. 30 June 1681, Dea. Caleb Forbes, of Preston, Conn.

4. Hannah, b. 1653; d. young.

5. Samuel, b. Feb. 1654; m. 1695, widow Rebecca (Lay) Raymond, and had 2 ch. John and Rev. William.

6. Bethia, b. 1657; m. Joshua Abel.

7. William, b. 1662; d. young.

8. Lydia, b. 1663; m. 5 Oct. 1683, Simon Huntington, and had 4 ch.

9. Hannah, b. 1666; m. Daniel Brewster.

10. Mary, b. 1671; m. Jeremiah Repley.—F. A. H.

Metropolitan Park System

Free Illustrated Lecture,

Builders and Merchants' Hall,

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5TH,

AT 7:30 P. M.

At the request of the Park Commission, Hon. Amasa M. Eaton, of the Metropolitan Park Commission, will speak on the proposed Park System, illustrated by stereopticon.

All are invited.

11-8-1w



REPUBLICAN



REPUBLICAN



REPUBLICAN

# All Voters Are Invited

## To Participate in the Election of the

# Republican Candidates

## On November Sixth

Mark a Cross in the Circle Under the Eagle as Above Indicated, and thus ensure the election of Officials who will give you honest and conscientious service. Stand by your tried and faithful State Officers:

For Governor,  
**GEORGE H. UTTER.**

For Lieutenant Governor,  
**FREDERICK H. JACKSON.**

For Secretary of State,  
**CHARLES P. BENNETT.**

For Attorney General,  
**WILLIAM B. GREENOUGH.**

For General Treasurer,  
**WALTER A. READ.**

Vote For a Republican for Congress,  
District 1—**ELISHA DYER,**  
District 2—**ADIN B. CAPRON.**

# Vote For a Republican Assembly Ticket

## and for All Republican Nominees,

# National, State and Municipal.

# Republican Assembly Ticket.

For Senator,  
**JOHN P. SANBORN.**

For First Representative,  
**HORACE N. HASSARD.**

For Second Representative,  
**ROBERT S. BURLINGAME.**

For Third Representative,  
**ROBERT S. FRANKLIN.**

For Fourth Representative,  
**CLARK BURDICK.**

A vote for these men means a vote for Senator Wetmore.

## GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

NEW SHOREHAM, Oct. 20, 1906.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Guardian of the person and estate of JAMES E. HOLT, late of said New Shoreham, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are notified to present them, and all persons indebted to said ward to make payment to the undersigned, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JAMES E. SPRAGUE, 2D, Guardian.

10-20-0w

## ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

NEWPORT, October 20th, 1906.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of PATIENCE ANN HOLT, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

WILLIAM S. HOLT.

10-20-0w

(Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., October 15, A. D. 1906.)

CHRISTOPHER F. BARKER, the Executor of the last will and testament of HARRIET N. BARKER,

Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his first account with the estate of said deceased, for examination and allowance.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of November next, A. D. 1906, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

10-20-0w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., October 15, 1906.

Estate of Edward G. Ball.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Edward G. Ball, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the 5th day of November, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration and allowance, for which notice thereof is published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

10-20-0w



BOOTS,  
SHOES  
AND  
RUBBERS.

214 THAMES STREET, Newport, R. I.